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Wool, Manchester & London.

GUARANTEED FOR 10 YEARS.

Only 1/- Down.

...are making to your TEN YEARS' ... every watch ... PLATINUM ... specially ... conditions. ... Dead ... pen pointers ... Improved ... Super ... Back ... Easily as ... for Gentle ... lifetime. Our ... 1/- each week ... with order ... 22/6 ... HOW to ... (Dept. 11) ... 22, Old St., London, W.C.1.



JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW



JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly. Send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

You can send your money to these advertisers as safely as purchasing across a shop counter. For every article is sold under JOHN BULL'S famous guarantee of absolute satisfaction or Money Back in full.

MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 12

LET IT BE A JOLLY XMAS

Instal a RILEY BILLIARD TABLE in your home

PAY AS YOU PLAY

PRICES FROM 47-0-0

CASH OR EASY TERMS

Write for Art List

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Anson Works, ACCRINGTON, and Dept. 11, 147, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.1.



STUNNING VALUE IN FLOOR COVERING

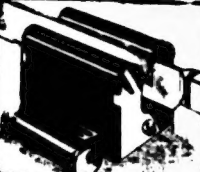
90 SQ. FT. for 15/-

DAMP-PROOF & ROT-PROOF. Thicker than Lino. Specially suitable for damp stone or wood floors. Laid without fastening. No nails or paste required. 90 sq. ft. for 15/-. Longer lengths pro rata. At least two yards wide. Many other patterns to choose from.

J. B. ANDREWS AND SONS, Sutherland Square, Watworth Rd., London, S.W.17.

PAROLEUM

WHY HAVE BLUNT KNIVES?



When for the small cost of 3/- you can always have sharp knives. The Daisy gives a perfectly smooth edge to STAINLESS or any kind of knife and is guaranteed not to scratch or whittle away edge. Handsome in appearance. Nickel Plated on copper. A New invention incorporating 4 butchers' steels. Definitely superior to the wheel and disc type. Very simple to use. YOU CANNOT FAIL.

3/- POST FREE

An Ideal Christmas Present to give to your friend.

DAISY MACHINES, LTD., 51, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

ARMY GREY SOCKS

3 PAIRS for 4/6

POST PAID

ENGLISH MADE ARMY GREY SOCKS. These socks are thick and warm, long in the leg, neatly shaped, and exceptionally hard wearing. At only 4/6 for 3 pairs, post paid, they are a real bargain. In the country you may have one sample pair for 1/6 post paid, but in any case perfect satisfaction or Money Back is guaranteed.

GENERAL BARGAIN STORES, 9, STATION APPROACH, CLAPHAM JUNC., LONDON, S.W.11.

GREAT PRICE REDUCTION

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7/5

SECURE with 7 1/2 per month for 14 months.

FULLOTONE GRAVO-PHONES LTD., Dept. J B 18, 73, Cannon Rd., London, N.W.1.

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FREE! Get new art model of your own design.

FULLOTONE

It Sings itself!

MARVELLOUS OFFER

LADIES' & MEN'S 35/- ELEPHANT HIDENE TRENCH COATS

20/-

WATERPROOF & CHILLPROOF. A superb, well-tailored Coat in the new Elephant Hide. Unexcelled for protection and style. Many sizes and fittings. Buy at once! 35/- Length, 18 1/2. Color, Navy, Sage, Green. SEE EXHIBIT 20 KENTON GAZETTES to all persons. FAIRBROS, Ltd. (Dept. J 2), 104, North End Road, London, S.W.6.

SATISFACTION or MONEY REFUNDED

STATIONS ROLL IN ON THE MIRACLE SET VICTORY

FROM **5/6** DOWN **3/3 or 4 VALVE SET**

Tremendous success has greeted the introduction of the new "MIRACLE VICTORY" Set, which is little short of marvellous in performance. Simple to operate, yet gives an enormous range of stations at full strength, with superb tone. Enclosed in hand-some cabinet, with panel artistically finished in oxidized silver colour, with handsome Cabinet Cone Speaker. SOLD AT FACTORY PRICES, complete with Oscon Valves, Batteries, etc., ready to switch on, from 5/6 down.

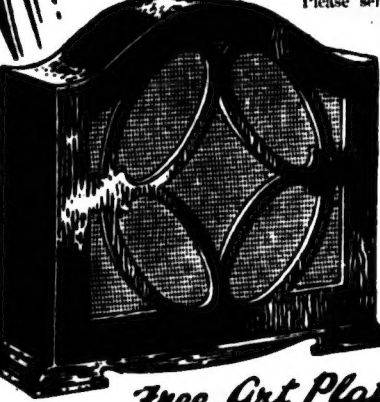
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Please send me free Art Plates of "Miracle" sets.

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BRINGS THE 6-FT. RILEY BAGATELLE TABLE

7/6 DOWN

It will effectively solve the problem of what to do on winter nights. Provides comfort for pleasure for all the family.

Write for Free Price List.

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COMPLETE WITH TWO BRITISH VALVES

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THE GAMAGE 'CHALLENGE'

Received over 20 stations on test in our factory. Complete in Polished Oak Cabinet, size 17 1/2 x 6 1/2. Best Components only used. See details and particulars of Deferred Terms on complete Kits.

GAMAGES, HOLBORN, E.C.1.

Send only 6/- for this famous LESTON WATCH

Highly tested movement, fully luminous dial. Beautifully nickel-plated case and handsome leather strap. An ideal Christmas gift. 6/- deposit, 2/- after approval and 3/- monthly until 17/6 is paid or if cash with order, balance within 7 days, 10/- extra.

LADIES' MODEL

Platinum appearance, on Black Moire band. Packed in neat presentation box. 6/- deposit, 2/- after approval and 3/- per month until 17/6 is paid. If cash with order, balance within 7 days, 17/6 extra. Expanding bracelet, 5/6 extra. Write for latest lists.

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LESTON BROS., LTD., Dept. J.B., 132, Newington Causeway, London, S.E.1.



THORNS ARMY HUT TYPE BUILDINGS

From £10.4.9 cash, or 18/10 monthly.

A ROYAL CAN KENT. IN HANDY SECTIONS. 1 IN. WEATHERBOARD, PLANKED FRAMING, ROOFING FELT, USEFUL FOR CLUBS, WORKSHOPS, MEETINGS, STORAGE, ETC. CASH OR 6 MONTHLY. (By 18. Long. 8 ft. 7 ft. 6 ft. 5 ft. 4 ft. 3 ft. 2 ft. 1 ft. 10 ft. 12 ft. 14 ft. 16 ft. 18 ft. 20 ft. 22 ft. 24 ft. 26 ft. 28 ft. 30 ft. 32 ft. 34 ft. 36 ft. 38 ft. 40 ft. 42 ft. 44 ft. 46 ft. 48 ft. 50 ft. 52 ft. 54 ft. 56 ft. 58 ft. 60 ft. 62 ft. 64 ft. 66 ft. 68 ft. 70 ft. 72 ft. 74 ft. 76 ft. 78 ft. 80 ft. 82 ft. 84 ft. 86 ft. 88 ft. 90 ft. 92 ft. 94 ft. 96 ft. 98 ft. 100 ft. 102 ft. 104 ft. 106 ft. 108 ft. 110 ft. 112 ft. 114 ft. 116 ft. 118 ft. 120 ft. 122 ft. 124 ft. 126 ft. 128 ft. 130 ft. 132 ft. 134 ft. 136 ft. 138 ft. 140 ft. 142 ft. 144 ft. 146 ft. 148 ft. 150 ft. 152 ft. 154 ft. 156 ft. 158 ft. 160 ft. 162 ft. 164 ft. 166 ft. 168 ft. 170 ft. 172 ft. 174 ft. 176 ft. 178 ft. 180 ft. 182 ft. 184 ft. 186 ft. 188 ft. 190 ft. 192 ft. 194 ft. 196 ft. 198 ft. 200 ft. 202 ft. 204 ft. 206 ft. 208 ft. 210 ft. 212 ft. 214 ft. 216 ft. 218 ft. 220 ft. 222 ft. 224 ft. 226 ft. 228 ft. 230 ft. 232 ft. 234 ft. 236 ft. 238 ft. 240 ft. 242 ft. 244 ft. 246 ft. 248 ft. 250 ft. 252 ft. 254 ft. 256 ft. 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**As a doctor, I
cannot recommend any cigarette
... but every Christmas I give
CRAVEN "A"**

because they do not affect the throat.

because they possess that extra touch of quality.

because they are made with pure unadulterated Virginia Tobacco, Pure Paper, and natural Cork Tips.

because they are mild and they never vary.

because Craven "A" holds the award of the Institute of Hygiene and the only Certificate of the British Analytical Control awarded to 10 for 6d. cigarettes.



**MADE SPECIALLY
to prevent sore throats**

Rich Red Metal Boxes—50 for 2/6; 100 for 5/-; 150 for 7/6. Parisian Velour Boxes—50 for 2/6; 100 for 5/-, CARRERAS, LTD., LONDON



JOHN BULL

For the People—

—the Right to Justice and Truth



"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

THURSDAY,

for Week ending Saturday,
Dec. 13, 1930. Two-pence.
Registered at the G.P.O. as
a Newspaper. Postage:
Ireland and Canada, 1d.; all
other parts of the world, 1½d.

Watch Winston Side-Step

WHEN Winston Churchill is out of the limelight there is usually a big rehearsal going on back-stage. His movements lately have been mysterious. So he is holding his hand that his name is missing from the recent Tory vote of censure on the Government.

Winston is dead against the Conservative orientation towards food-taxes. He believes in a revenue tariff on imported manufactures, but is afraid that any threat of food-taxes would smash the Party in the industrial areas. We should not be surprised if he is fighting with the movement for a new National Government, which, as current events indicate, is more advanced in this country than many believe.

And now the result

If you see it in JOHN BULL it is so! Two months ago we told the story of how two police-officers were caught red-handed in a raided club. The sequel can now be related—also exclusively.

The sergeant concerned has been reduced to the rank of plain constable, and the other offender—a police-constable—relegated to the status of the lowest junior; he has to start all over again.

Severe though this may seem, Lord Byng's iron campaign to cleanse the police force cannot be bent by sentiment.

Hope—deferred

When the luxury liner *Highland Hope* struck the rocky Farilhoc, off the Portuguese coast, more than four hundred people were in a desperate plight.

An efficient crew prevented any loss of life, and by now the material losses of the passengers and shipping company will have been softened by insurance provision.

What of the crew?

Take it from us

Returned to Southampton with only the clothes they stood in, each received 10s. to enable him to reach London.

At the company's office they were presented with a bill for the balance of their credit notes. Their indebtedness to the company ran from £4 to £8, including the 10s. received at Southampton.

They are afraid the payment of these sums will be insisted upon before any further advance is made to enable them to re-equip for a new voyage. We hope their fears are groundless.

We can tell them that under the Merchant Shipping Act of 1925 wrecked seamen are entitled to two weeks wages or a new berth.

A Thorne in their side

Mr. Will Thorne, M.P., secretary of the National Union of General and Municipal Workers, is convinced that

there is something radically wrong with the cost-of-living index figure.

Between October, 1929, and October, 1930, the food items in the index figure purported to show a reduction of 13 points.

Yet, according to the shopping-lists of reputable firms, the prices of food-stuffs of the kind bought by the working man's family indicate an increase of 2½ per cent. over last year's.

Miss Bondfield, who was an official of Mr. Thorne's union before entering the Government, is closely considering the alleged unreliability of the index figure, and may appoint a committee of experts to revise its basis.

King of Canada?

A resolution is to be put forward at the next session of the Dominion House of Parliament, Ottawa, containing the suggestion that the Dominion shall in future be termed the "Kingdom of Canada" in lieu of the "Dominion of Canada."

The Governor-General, in this event, would be elevated to the dignity of Viceroy.

It occurs to us that if this suggestion were adopted it would undoubtedly entail an addition to the title of the King.

Oh, yeah!

The United States Post Office's invitation for tenders for an air-service from New York to Bermuda is a piece of barefaced impudence.

It stipulates that only American firms, with American directors and managers, having "at least 75 per cent. of its stock vested in citizens of the United States," shall be eligible.

"Uncle Arthur" Henderson should remind Uncle Sam that Bermuda is a British Crown colony, and proud of it too.

The Guards

Many slanderous and lying statements have recently been made against the honour of the Guards—mostly in connection with alleged malpractices of a grave character.

There are, of course, black sheep in every fold, and it is grossly unjust that the reputation of the many should suffer for the defaults of the few.

It is within the knowledge of JOHN BULL that a high personage, anxious to ensure that the honour of the flower of the Army shall be unstained, has intervened, with gratifying results.

Byng Canes the Boys— Cost-of-Living Riddle— Guards' Secret Service

A system of careful observation has been devised. The vigilance of military police and plain-clothes men is such that those falling under suspicion or found guilty are severely dealt with under military law.

We trust that this action will stamp out the gossips, as well as the minority of offenders in the Guards.

On the carpet

Impetuous Labour M.P.s have received a straight tip from the Party Whips to be less eager to create "scenes" in the House.

These invariably have the effect of overshadowing, in next morning's Press, good work that the Government may have accomplished in less spectacular directions.

Take that brilliant speech of Mr. Thomas rebutting the Tory vote of censure over the Imperial Conference.

It would have been widely acclaimed as a great Parliamentary triumph had not Mr. Jim Simmons slapped Earl Winterton's face and captured nearly all the publicity next day.

That sort of thing is not good enough.

Out "down under"

When Mr. Scullin reaches Australia he hopes to expedite the work of the Royal Commission appointed there to sift the grievances of 400 British settlers on State land in Victoria.

Mr. Thomas had heart-to-heart talks with the Australian Premier on the matter before he sailed.

Meanwhile, these British ex-Service men and their families in Victoria are in the most acute distress. So poverty-stricken are they that they are reduced to receiving food and clothing from charities.

We shall await Mr. Scullin's action with patience, but anxiety.

Farf 1 fifteen

At last the Government has appointed the promised committee—first suggested by JOHN BULL—to tidy up the Commons.

Its function is "to suggest any changes that may seem desirable in regard to the conduct of public business in the House." We have already given the fifteen members plenty to "bite on."

There seems to be no representative of the Left Wing, though the Maxtonites are keen on reforming the House on the Continental committee system.

One serious omission occurs to us. The skilled obstructionists are conspicuous by their absence from the fifteen. We should have thought that a good purpose would have been served by appointing a few of the poachers as gamekeepers.

Golden silence

The mystery of Mr. Snowden's intentions regarding the promised tax on land-values grows deeper



The Chancellor assured him

Mr. Andrew MacLaren, M.P., the land-tax enthusiast, claims that the Chancellor has assured him that the tax will appear in the next Budget.

On the other hand, Mr. Snowden is in no hurry with the Land Valuation Bill, which, he stated originally, would have to be passed before he could establish a basis on which to levy the tax.

We hope he has seen the error of his ways and that he will drop the Valuation Bill. There is no need for it.

Landowners must be made to send in returns, just as in the case of income-tax. If they make false declarations there is a penalty—jail.

Oh, well!

Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, has been described by a New York newspaper as "just one big laugh."

But that was before his latest escapade, when two Atlantic liners were held up so that he might tranship in mid-Channel.

Enquiries at the Bank of England are met with the formula that "the Bank does not subsidise the Press with information."

So we shall never know whether he was urgently recalled to London or whether, as it has been suggested, he had only forgotten to turn out the gas.

The non-starter

America has thought twice about entering for the new Atlantic stakes. Wild statements in the U.S. Press regarding monster liners to rival the supremacy of Germany and our own new bid for first and fastest place have, as we expected, "fizzled out."

For the present, America will be content to build two 30,000-ton turbine ships for the Atlantic service, and will concentrate on the forty-six vessels now under construction in her yards.

Hello, Canada!

We have a message for Canada. Representing the patriotic national thought of the British people, we cannot ignore the views of a Canadian like Col. F. H. Robins, expressed on his return to the Dominion from Great Britain.

The colonel says we are "dead from the toes up." We do nothing but talk. We have no great men. Now that the Imperial Conference is over we are going to lie down and sleep again.

That is goosey propaganda. It satisfies us to retort that we know, not only that the colonel's facts are wrong, but that his views are foreign to informed Canadian opinion.

JOHN BULL

Trans-Atlantic trawlers

No time will be lost in proceeding with the construction of the twenty-acre fish-dock at Fleetwood when the necessary Bill is passed in Parliament next February.

With the new fish-dock at Immingham on the east coast and Fleetwood on the west, splendid new facilities will thus be given to a growing industry.

Owners are already considering plans for the construction of larger trawlers, similar to those built in this country for France.

They have already achieved notable success by steaming across the Atlantic and filling their holds with a thousand tons of prime cod from the Grand Banks.

Chained wives

A pitiful letter reaches us from a woman who is struggling to support three children because her rogue of a husband has gone to jail for five years. The odds are overwhelming. Time after time she has taken him back.

The anxiety and the disgrace is bad enough, but the most shameful thing is that this wretched woman cannot obtain her freedom—and remarry.

She must be chained to a rotter for life, a convicted jailbird, for the fact that her husband is a confirmed criminal is no ground for divorce in this country.

In this respect some of our Dominions are ahead of us. It is time, for once, that the Old World took a lead from the New.

Workers' champion

The hardship suffered by workmen who, when partly recovered from injuries, are certified as fit for "light work," although totally unable to obtain it, was exposed in JOHN BULL last week.

We supported Mr. Lawther's Bill, which is intended to remove this grievance.

Now Mr. Lawther tells us that in the course of a week following our paragraph he has received hundreds of letters from all parts of the country.

This energetic M.P. assures us that he is attending to all the questions raised by his correspondents.

Well done, sir!

Delay is dangerous

There is a growing fear that the Select Committee which has been appointed to consider a forty-eight-hour

"IF YOU SEE IT—"

(Continued)



Six months more, he says

week for shop-assistants is dilly-dallying.

The chairman, Mr. R. Roden Buxton, M.P., has, in fact, intimated to the members that it may be at least six months before the committee finishes hearing evidence, meaning that the Bill will certainly not be passed this session.

Delays are dangerous. Mr. Buxton must speed up the machinery necessary for

securing for shopworkers a straight deal that is long overdue.

Egging on Amery

Can the Empire Marketing Board find no better mark for British eggs than "Empire laid"?

If the sale of Empire eggs is to be promoted in this country, housewives must be told something more definite than that.

An egg plainly marked as "Danish" is a better selling proposition, if the price is the same, than one which might have been laid anywhere from Tipperary to Tasmania.

If Mr. Amery, M.P., the chairman of the Board, did his own shopping he would soon find that out.

It might be you

Let Mr. T. G. Kelly, a Kent ex-Ser-vice man, tell his own story:

"A pal and myself were looking for work. Walking through Bromley, we saw a notice outside the post-office asking for men as temporary porters and postmen.

"We waited outside the labour exchange opposite for two hours until it opened and then asked for the necessary forms to fill in.

"Both of us were refused. We were told that we would have to apply to

Westerham Labour Exchange, where we could sign on.

"This meant tramping fourteen miles or paying a 1s. 1d. bus fare each. By the time we got the forms through to the post-office it will be too late."

We suppose the Employment Exchange regulations must be regarded; but it does just show what can happen to men who want work.

A bride we admire

Hidden away in the obscure columns of the newspapers the other day was a real-life story that makes the world seem better.

When Miss Peggy Nuthall, of Folkestone, was married to Mr. Douglas Jay, of Eastbourne, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London, she remembered that, night after night, in the crypt below the altar where she found happiness, sleep the outcasts and the down-and-outs.

The night before her wedding a hundred lay huddled there—and Miss Nuthall invited them all to her wedding-breakfast.

We are the enemy of maudlin sentiment, but this charming thought captivates us.

It won't be long now

Sub-letting at extortionate rents is one of the evils to be tackled by the departmental committee which will soon be at grips with the revision of the Rent Restriction Act.

To-day there are thousands of cases where the tenant of a house, by profiteering at the expense of sub-tenants, pockets three—and even four—times the rent paid to the landlord.

More power to those who can scotch this scandalous robbery of the people.

Nervous wrecks

Believe it or not, there is so much speeding-up in some of the Whitehall departments that typists are complaining that their health is being affected.

In addition to ordinary supervision, special returns showing the exact amount of work done by each typist are placed each week before an important official, whose duty it is to ensure a growing output from each girl.

The Typists' Union is asking that this system should be discontinued.

All this is as it may be. Personally, Whitehall is the last place we should visit in quest of nervous wrecks.

Misery Farm

What is the Eastbourne Council going to do about its Downland Farm?

When the purchase of the Downs was advocated, councillors disclaimed the wish to farm the land. But that is just what has been done, and the loss has been prodigious.

We suggest that Bullock Down Farm should be taken over by somebody who knows his job. Perhaps the restive ratepayers will see that this is done.

Give them a jerk

There are 121,761 men unemployed in the building industry. Think of that. And there are still another million houses needed before all the people can live in decency and content. Think of that, too.

What is Mr. Greenwood, the Health Minister, going to do about it?

His Housing Act, passed recently, can work wonders. But what he must do is to drive the local authorities harder and harder if they will not interpret it in the spirit in which it was enacted.

The law's a leech

Here's a choice example of the scandalous cost of litigation. We mention it particularly because two hospitals are among its victims.

Mr. R. W. Osborne left practically the whole of his £75,000 estate to the

Princess Alice Hospital, Eastbourne, and Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge.

The will was disputed, and a compromise was arranged by which each institution will receive £14,000, at the prospect of a further £25,000. Here comes the snag.

The total legal costs are estimated at £2,500, of which Addenbrooke's will find £266 and the Eastbourne £2,234 slightly less.

Mr. T. M. Francis, chairman of Addenbrooke's, and himself, says the costs are "rather startling. Well, startling is not the word that should have used.

A deed well done

We wish we had the name of the anonymous donor who has allocated £100,000 for a pension fund for district nurses, those ministering angels whose work we have often lauded in JOHN BULL.

There are no more devoted and efficient servants of the public. Deprived of their untiring help, the general practitioners would be in a dilemma.

There are many like Nurse Wake, Harting, Sussex—of whom we have just heard—who deserve to spend the rest of their years in peace and content, their work well done.

Boys of the death brigade

In calling attention to the tragical high death-rate among boys employed in the coal mines, Mr. J. E. Sutton

M.P., has taken a stinging lead from JOHN BULL.

There are 29,000 boys under the age of sixteen in the pits, and last year the number of killed and injured was 22, the rate of 22 per thousand.

It is a pity that the employment of boys of such tender years has not been prohibited, but, as things are, Mr. Sutton well should take urgent

steps to ensure that the slaughter of children is reduced to a minimum.

Lest Carmarthen forgets

His name is William Jones. He is a farmer, and he lives at Penlanfach. But he ought to be in jail.

The other day, because one of his horses could not move owing to lameness, Jones stuck the prongs of a pitchfork into its stomach several times.

Not satisfied with this inhuman torture, he then tied a chain round the wretched animal's neck, one end of which he attached to a moving cart.

When the horse fell to the ground, Jones proceeded to belabour it with a stick.

At Carmarthen Police Court he was fined £1—one pound.

What sort of justice do they mete out at Carmarthen, and what sort of cad is Jones? If we had been on the Bench he would have gone to jail at least.

A good man

Mr. George Kimber is a self-made man and a modest one. From humble beginnings he amassed a fortune as a butcher, and is reputed to be one of the wealthiest inhabitants of St. Pancras, London.

For a long time, mainly anonymously, he has been a great philanthropist. As founder of the sunlight clinic at Camden Road with a donation of £10,000, he brought health and happiness to the little ones.

This Yuletide he is distributing thousand tons of coal to the needy and will assume the role of Santa Claus at his old school.

A great-hearted man.

ADAMSON'S

—Knotty Problem





MUNICIPAL GRAFT Disclosures

by WILLIAM A. ROBSON (Lecturer-at-Law at the London University)

THERE are few matters which affect the lives of the citizens of this country more intimately than the efficient administration of local government. The local authorities spend about £470,000,000 of public money every year, which is nearly one-ninth of the whole national income. They employ about 250,000 officers and workmen.

The municipal service ought obviously to be run on efficient and economical lines. It is highly desirable that efforts should be made to get the best men and women for the work.

Appointment should be impartial, promotion should go by merit, and favouritism and patronage be unknown.

Unfortunately, this is not the state of affairs which actually exists. The municipal service is in a scandalous condition—and some local authorities would like it to continue!

The worst evil of all is patronage. This is so widespread that it would surprise me to learn that there is even one local authority which has appointed every member of its staff on merit alone, without regard to influence.

I know a number of places where most of the municipal officers consist of relatives or friends of the councillors.

In a certain provincial town practically every junior in a council department was once a choir-boy in a local church in which the chief officer of the department takes a keen interest.

The councillors and aldermen are usually in favour of patronage, because it gives them power and influence. By means of it they can reward faithful supporters.

In March, 1929, I appeared before the Royal Commission on Local Government and made a definite charge of patronage in the municipal service.

Patronage poison

A MONTH later evidence was given before the Commission denying the charge.

The very next day Mr. Johnson, the City Treasurer, revealed the fact that in Birmingham they have not advertised a single vacancy in the last ten years!

Every day, Mr. Johnson told the Royal Commission, he was asked by someone on the council or in the city, "Have you got a vacancy in your department?"

It is impossible to expect the chief officers to resist continual pressure of this sort, especially when it comes from their superiors.

The leading officers are themselves liable to dismissal at short notice. The result is that influence or family connections counts for more than merit, and the local government service contains numbers of incompetent officers who have been jobbed into their positions.

Birmingham, we must remember, is supposed to be a centre of enlightenment in municipal matters. It may be imagined what

some of the smaller boroughs and districts are like in this respect.

Among many of the smaller local authorities part-time service leads to subtle forms of corruption. For example, the town clerk or clerk to the district council is often a solicitor in private practice.

How can such a man be expected to assist the council whole-heartedly in demolishing a slum area when—as is sometimes the case—the slum landlords are his private clients?

How can a part-time medical officer be expected to condemn insanitary houses belonging to his private patients?

It is absurd to put so great a strain on human nature. The part-time officer must be abolished if the conflict between private interest and public duty is to disappear.

Another practice which is highly detrimental to the public welfare is the custom of permitting departmental heads to accept articulated pupils on payment of large fees.

Poor Old Men!

THE town clerk or other chief officer is usually a solicitor, the surveyor a civil engineer, the treasurer a chartered or incorporated accountant, and so on.

A kind of apprenticeship system has grown up in the higher ranks of the municipal service. A young man who wishes to become a town clerk has very little chance unless he becomes articled to a solicitor holding that office, and similarly with the other departments.

In this way the leading officers are enabled to accept substantial fees paid, in theory, for providing instruction into the mysteries of the profession.

What should we say if the leading civil servants at the Treasury or the Home Office, or admirals and generals in the fighting services, extorted "premiums" for showing newcomers how to do their work?

Then there is the scandal of the Old Men. Many of our local authorities have not seen fit to establish superannuation or pension schemes.

The result is that we have the pitiful sight of antique gentlemen of seventy, seventy-five and—in one case known to me—eighty-three years of age tottering round pretending to carry on local administration.

The local council has not the heart to dismiss them after a lifetime's devoted service.

But the interests of the public are sacrificed and the hard-earned money of the citizens is wasted by keeping these old people on the staff when they ought to be pensioned off and replaced by young and active blood.

A peculiar form of profiteering exists in some parts of the country.

A municipal officer is granted, in addition to his salary, an allowance of—for example—£1,000 a year to provide a staff. He

spends £450 of this on hiring a few underpaid and overworked clerks of low ability, and pockets the rest.

A burning question concerns the employment of women in local government. Women are extensively employed as teachers, assistant medical officers, sanitary inspectors, nurses, health visitors, clerks, stenographers, and in many other capacities.

The rule exists in most areas that no married women are engaged, and that single women must resign on marriage.

This policy has caused acute discontent among intelligent women workers. They demand that the municipal service ought to give equal opportunities to men and women, and that ability to do the job well ought to be the sole test of employment.

I agree with this view entirely. It is a mistake to think that a

married woman displaces a single one from a job. A married woman who is employed can herself afford to employ a domestic servant. If child-bearing intervenes, that is another matter.

Why should all our women school-teachers be old maids, or young ones who want to get married?

Seven years wasted

ON February 14, 1923, the Royal Commission on Local Government was appointed, with full authority to investigate all these vital questions.

The Commission sat for seven long years. It spent £12,000 of the taxpayers' money. It published three reports and fourteen volumes of evidence. Four of its twelve members died during the lifetime of the Commission.

Unfortunately, the Royal Commission did not tackle any of the important evils to which I have drawn attention. It recommended instead that a Departmental Committee should be appointed to enquire into the matter!

This has at last been done, after a further delay of nearly a year. So everything will commence again now.

It is to be hoped that this new committee will take advantage of its great opportunities. The broad lines which should guide their action are clear.

We need the elimination of patronage and the establishment of a system of recruitment based on merit alone.

This can only be secured by competitive examinations open to all comers. The examinations should be graded into classes to correspond with the various stages in our system of national education.

We must insist on minimum standards of trained ability, whether for promising youths entering at sixteen or for university graduates coming in at twenty-three or twenty-five years.

Dynamite for Diehards

THE task of recruitment ought to be given to impartial selection committees set up for large areas. Promotion must similarly go by merit alone.

Other reforms which are needed include the abolition of premium pupillage, equal opportunities for women, compulsory pension schemes, and retirement at sixty or sixty-five.

These questions concerning the efficient working of the municipal service are vital to the whole nation. They have not so far received the attention they deserve.

Many local councillors wish to continue the present system, which is rotten and frequently corrupt.

They can only be compelled to mend their ways if the force of public opinion is thrown into the scales against them.

The Archbishop is Right— How Dare They Eat Pudding!

The Most Rev. Dr. DOWNEY,
R.C. Archbishop of Liverpool

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,—In your dispute with Dr. David, Anglican Bishop of Liverpool, logic is on your side.

You never said, and your Church never says, that marriages contracted in accordance with English law, or the offspring of such marriages, are illegitimate—that is, not legal.

And, of course, you are right in saying that a marriage not solemnised by the Church is not a Church marriage.

Every society has its rules, and those who break those rules cannot claim the advantages of membership.

JOHN BULL.

General HERTZOG,
Premier of South Africa

DEAR GENERAL,—I congratulate you on your wise and balanced statement on the relation between the South African Union and the Empire. Your repudiation of the Separatists will do a world of good.

Certainly your visit to England as a delegate at the recent Imperial Conference has done a world of good to you.

It has made you realise how strong are the links of sentiment and interest which unite the units of the great Commonwealth of Nations.

It has made you an Imperial statesman.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. WALKER CLARK,
Chairman, National Chamber of Trade

DEAR SIR,—What a wonderful thing it must be to be a simple, human shop-assistant!

You told the Select Committee that if an assistant wants a half-day off, it is allowed, out of friendship; if she is not feeling well, she is sent home.

In fact, every shop is itself one big, beautiful home. Nobody likes to leave, even at ten!

I write to you lightly, but only because my indignation is too deep for words.

For the bright lights of the shops cannot dazzle me into forgetting the hard, dull, drab time of some of those inside.

Let some of the poor, over-driven shop-assistants answer you.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. E. HUNT,
Lonsdale Avenue, East Ham, London

DEAR MADAM,—You are a plucky woman. It was fine of you, when you were attacked by a young blackguard, who threw pepper in your face, to keep



tight hold both of your purse and your perambulator, and frighten him away with your cries.

That's the stuff that East Hamers are made of.

JOHN BULL.

The HOUSE OF LORDS,
Westminster, London, S.W.

MY LORDS,—Was it wise of you to reject the Local Authorities (Admission of the Press) Bill—and at that, without a division?

A consideration of minor importance, yet a consideration, is that you have deprived a number of working journalists of their job.

The major evil is that you think that Public Assistance Committees should conduct their business in secret. That is the very devil.

Unless these committees are subject to the criticism of public opinion, they will become sheer tyrants. Or do you believe in tyranny?

I believe in truth, light and candour. So do my readers. So does Britain.

So, my lords, do you. What about it?

JOHN BULL.

Alderman T. CROOKS,
Darlington

SIR,—You are horrified at the inmates of the Darlington Poor Law

Institution having a "lavish" dinner at the ratepayers' expense.

And where does lavishness come in? Why, that the poor things are given plum-pudding.

Shade of Charles Dickens! that a live alderman—with a beard—should say so!

After all the tribulations of a year's pauperdom, do you begrudge them an ounce of plum-pudding—with or without holly?

Lavish, my dear Crooks! Who could eat their goose and turkey in peace knowing that Darby and Joan were without their pudding?

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LORD AMULREE,
Minister for Air

MY LORD,—Almost simultaneously with the decoration by the British Ambassador to France of twenty-four Frenchmen "for penetrating the wrecked airship R101 while it was still burning," and the bestowal of gifts on a hundred and fifty more, there appeared a fresh appeal for funds to erect a memorial to the forty-eight victims of the disaster, and "to give practical help" to their dependants.

This is not as it should be. The Government feels itself in

Judge HOLMAN GREGORY, K.C.,
Mayor's and City of London Court

DEAR JUDGE GREGORY,—I am glad that you have been appointed chairman of the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance, for it's a job that needs a man.

You will have powerful interests endeavouring to suppress the truth, as you must investigate Without Fear or Favour.

Not the malingering workman, but the dishonest employer is the hardest nut to crack.

On page 19 of this issue you will find evidence of this widespread rump, and the methods by which employers make the country pay when they want to stand men off.

That is the true scandal of the "dole"; that is the nut you have to crack.

JOHN BULL.

honour bound to spend public money in decorating helpful Frenchmen should be ashamed that an appeal must be made to help dependants.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Lord Justice GREER,
Court of Appeal

MY LORD,—No doubt you are right in holding that the war promises politicians are not in law binding either on themselves or their successors.

And you will probably jib at bringing the moral question into a legal issue.

But won't you agree that civilian sufferers from war damage have a just, if not a legal, grievance?

Won't you agree that it's a pity the law can't deal with those who cheat lives and loyalty and other valuable assets on false pretences?

Personally, I think it is dishonourable for the authorities to take refuge behind the letter of the law.

JOHN BULL.

Mme. VIOLETTE MORRIS,
Paris

DEAR MADAM,—I feel inclined to congratulate you on having given the professional boxer, "Collapsible" Raymond, a good hiding.

But, after all, was it fair? The modern pro is such a soft gentle creature that a strong woman like you ought to treat him gently. His pet name shows the mettle of your antagonist.

No, dear lady, it was—forgive me—a little bit unmanly.

JOHN BULL.

Not from the B.B.C.—Dr. Josiah Oldfield, famous dietitian, sings—

Leeks for Looks, Ladies!

I'M Dr. J. Oldfield. In me you behold
A foremost apostle of beauty.
A boon which may be
Won by any old she
Whose diet is suitably fruity.

A female who'd fain
As a Queen of Hearts reign,
My precepts has only to follow,
To know all the joy
Of a Helen of Troy
And beat Lady What's-her-name hollow!

There're girls by the score
Whose ill looks I deplore,
And none would as Beauty Queens
Crown 'em;
Since they won't obey
Me, if I had my way
I'd take them to sea and I'd drown 'em!

Some may consider that this would be rather drastic. But I adhere to the opinion I expressed to the Women's Institute at Newbury, Berkshire, that all ugly women should be drowned.

"Ugliness and beauty," as I then pointed out, "are so much within the control of every individual that for a woman to create a repellent face is a voluntary crime against society."

People have since asked me why, if beauty is within the control of every-

one, I am not equally anxious to drown ugly men? Some have even demanded my photograph, so that they may judge whether I should be handed over to the Lord High Executioner!

I do not profess to be a Narcissus or Carl Brisson, having been too busy formulating theories to have had much time for practising them.

But whatever opinion you may form of my face and figure, I can assure you that things would have been worse if I had submitted to the ordinary vile British diet.

It is the roast beef of Old England, and the frozen mutton of New Zealand, that have made us what we are to-day. And, from the standpoint of beauty, we are nothing to write to Hollywood about.

Being both a psychologist and a dietitian, I put my faith in Freud and fruit. Women must decide whether they prefer square meals and square figures, or a combination of leeks and loveliness.

An apple a day,
It is commonly said,
Keeps the doctor away—

If it's thrown at his head!
But much more is needed to gain my
hoananas—
I frown upon people who have no
bananas.



A nut on a plate
Is worth ten on a tree;
And sad is the fate
Of the obstinate she
Who trifles with boiled beef (I don't
mind the carrots)
Instead of subsisting on food dear to
parrots.

But sorry I am
To be forced to declare
That tongue, yea, and ham
Are still bought by the fair.
They say they would rather risk lethal
removal
Than live upon lentils to win my
approval!

STRAIGHT from the Shoulder

COMMANDER EVA BOOTH: "Get Prohibition and you will do away with your dole and unemployment."
And what about the growing unemployment in America?

MR. JUSTICE ROWLATT: "People will not earn money if it is only going to the payment of alimony."
That is why we must have proper Domestic Courts to deal with alimony gold-diggers.

LORD BAYFORD: "I don't believe any sportsman is degraded by the sport in which he engages."
Only when he sells his side for money.

Mrs ELLEN WILKINSON: "We have got a very ladylike House of Commons."
Sometimes the "scenes" remind me of a girls' school.

THIS HUMBUG BUSINESS

by
A. G. GARDINER

THE storm in which the Imperial Conference has dispersed will not, I think, do any harm. It may, on the contrary, do good. It may clear the air. And the air badly needs clearing.

In saying this, I do not suggest that Mr. J. H. Thomas' reference in the House of Commons to Mr. Bennett's proposals as "humbug" was wise. That the proposals were humbug is now generally agreed.

Canadian newspapers have not hesitated to call them "a fraud."

But certain civilities of speech are demanded from Ministers which private Members and newspapers are permitted to transgress.

When you have said "Humbug" you openly discredit the other's good faith, and make the continuance of amicable relations difficult.

But, apart from the use of this word, Mr. Thomas' plain-speaking about the Dominions deserves our thanks, and not our thanks only, but the thanks of the Dominions themselves.

Let's be candid

We all want to keep on good terms with our kith and kin overseas.

We shall not do so by leaving all the plain speaking to them and forgetting that our first business is to protect the interests of our own people.

"I am for Canada first," said Mr. Bennett. Excellent! "I am for Australia first," says Mr. Scullin. Again, excellent! And so with General Bortz and the others.

It would be foolish of us to complain of this attitude on their part, and it would be still more foolish for us on our side to neglect to put the claims of Britain first.

Let us be quite candid with one another. We all want to do the best we can for ourselves. That is the mark from which we start.

I have no taste, personally, for book-keeping, and no desire to put the British Commonwealth upon a cash basis.

False measure

You don't estimate the value of the sun by the amount of gaslight it gives, and I believe the value of the British Federation is something far beyond what can be put in our ledgers.

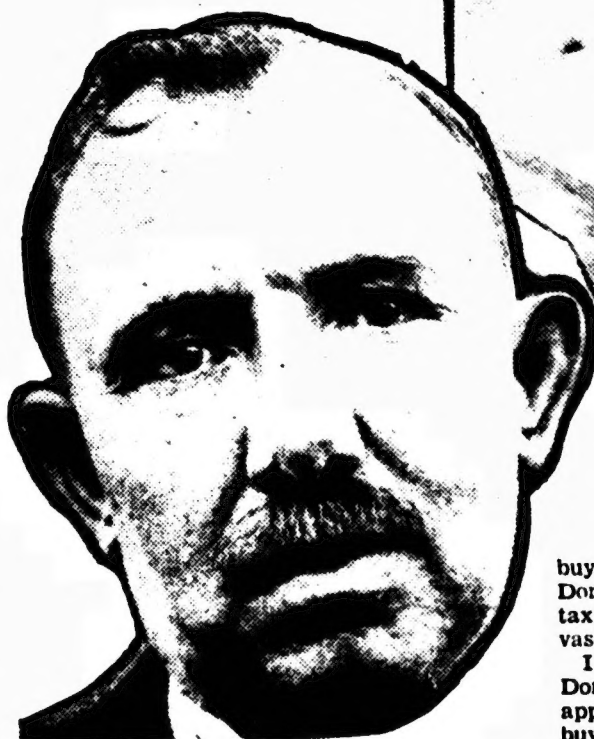
But when Mr. Bennett, replying to Mr. Thomas, suggests that Canada may have to turn elsewhere for her relations, he compels us to look at the ledger.

The lecture he has read to the Government has the air of a creditor to whom we are deeply in debt, who has shown us a great deal of consideration, whose patience is exhausted, and who is considering whether he shall not carry his custom elsewhere.

I shall not do Canada the dishonour of supposing that she thinks this way. Indeed, several of the Canadian newspapers have hastened to disassociate their country from this rather crude menace, and the "offer" with which it is connected.

This is what the *Ottawa Citizen* said of the offer, which is described as

The fraud of first raising the Canadian tariff sufficiently high to keep out British goods under a policy



"Mr. Bennett has read us a lecture.
... Mr. Thomas deserves our thanks."

to the Dominions is represented by the fact that last year we bought from the Dominions £30,000,000 worth more than they bought from us.

What is the explanation of the tremendous disparity? Partly, of course, the greater population of these islands.

But the chief reason is this, that while we admit the goods of the Dominions free, the Dominions build well-nigh impassable tariff walls against our manufactures.

We have no right to complain of that. But Mr. Bennett compels us to remind him of the fact.

And this tendency is not diminishing. It is increasing.

Both Canada and Australia have within recent months made those walls still more formidable. They are much steeper even than those which many foreign countries throw up against us.

Thus, while British soft coal is admitted free into the United States, Germany, the Argentine and the Netherlands, it is taxed in Canada 1s. 7jd. per ton.

Heads I win—

And Mr. Bennett offers 2jd. per ton benefit to us against the foreigner—on what condition? That we shall tax our food to give him a preference in our market against the wheat of the Argentine, which admits our goods free.

And as with coal, so with our manufactures.

Take as an illustration this letter from Mr. Theodore Taylor, the Batley woollen manufacturer, who initiated the profit-sharing system in his works. I take it from the *Yorkshire Post*:

My firm, J. T. and J. Taylor, has done a large business with Canada for sixty years. Upon our goods the late tariff worked out at about 25 per cent. *ad valorem* all round. The new tariff works out at varying rates at from 55 per cent. to 100 per cent. *ad valorem* and averages 70 per cent.

This is not Protection. It is Prohibition.

I have not exhausted the subject. But I have said enough to show that an appeal to the ledger will not leave us in the position of the debtors.

And what of the expenditure of the Empire Marketing Board?

The hoardings of this country are covered with appeals to our people to buy the commodities of the Dominions. And the British taxpayer bears the cost of this vast system of advertising.

I have yet to learn that the Dominions spend money in appealing to their people to buy British goods.

Let us turn to another page of the ledger.

We give the freest and most valuable market in the world to the food products and raw materials of the Dominions. We take no credit for that fact. We do it because it is to our advantage to do it.

But the value of that free market

of "Canada first" and then adding another 10 per cent. (i.e., 30 per cent. to 33 per cent.) against foreign countries and calling it preference.

In return for this horse-trading bargain, the British people are required to impose Customs duties on foodstuffs. No country is enduring taxation with such fortitude as Great Britain, but there is a limit.

And, turning to the ledger, is it true that the balance is against us?

Contrast the vast expenditure for Imperial defence which hangs round the neck of the British taxpayer with the negligible contributions to that expenditure which the Dominions have paid in the past, or, indeed, are paying to-day.

Yet that defence is vital to the Dominions.

Without it, for example, can we suppose that five or six millions of Australians could have retained the monopoly of a great, unpopulated continent against the land hunger of fifty millions of Japanese confined within their crowded islands?

A good long purse

What is the consideration behind the enormous expenditure we have foolishly embarked on at Singapore if it is not the consideration of Australia's security?

Or take another column in the ledger.

For generations the Dominions have borrowed hundreds of millions from us on the most favoured terms.

We have given their securities the prestige of "trustee securities," which alone has been the saving to them of tens of millions sterling.

Humble Wisdom—by
CANCELLOR R. J. CAMPBELL
D D

RECENTLY I listened with approval to a speech made by a Parliamentary candidate, in the course of which he told the following story:

A kindly householder noticed a small boy gazing rather wistfully at some cakes in a window and asked him if he was hungry.

"Yes," was the answer.

The questioner took the wafers indoors and cut him a good thick slice of bread from the family loaf. The youngster began to munch at once, but his benefactor stopped him.

"Where are your manners?" he asked. "Don't you ever say grace before a meal?"

As the boy had evidently never heard of grace, the householder undertook to teach him the Lord's Prayer.

"Put your hands together," he commanded, "and repeat after me: 'Our Father Who art in heaven.'"

"Hold on a moment," said the boy. "Did you say the gentleman was your father?"

"Yes."

"But you said 'Our Father.' Is he my Father, too?"

"Yes."

"Then you and I must be brothers?"

"Yes, in a way I suppose we are."

"Then put a bit of butter on the bread, brother."

The audience roared with laughter at the shrewd application made of a conventional maxim, but I wondered how

THE TRUE CHARITY

many saw how very practical it was in relation to everyday life.

There is not perhaps quite as much need to exhort people to charity in the shape of alms-giving as formerly. Few persons need actually go hungry in England nowadays, though poverty and want are rife in our midst.

There are exceptions, as we all know, but they are a smaller proportion of the community than they used to be in bad times of unemployment, and the tendency is to regard them as having a moral claim to assistance from the rates and taxes.

But charity in its original sense is a virtue as urgently required to-day as it ever was, and by people in every rank of society.

It is a misused word. It should never have been allowed to become associated with the mere giving of money to those in material distress.

The giving of money is the lowest form of giving, and may consist with a cold heart. There are people who subscribe to charitable funds as a salve to their consciences and never feel the pinch. They are strangers to the meaning of sacrifice.

Real charity consists in giving ourselves, in recognising our common brotherhood and putting it into practice, in taking trouble to increase the amount of good will in the world day by day.

A benefit consists less in the deed than the spirit in which it is done.

MORE GOOD NEWS

COLDS, FLU And RHEUMATISM

STOPPED IN ONE NIGHT

A hot lemon drink and two 'ASPRO' tablets is the modern, quick and effective way of banishing colds and influenza. Some people prefer whisky and two 'ASPRO' tablets and get the same result. Whichever method is adopted, it has been proved beyond a shadow of doubt that 'ASPRO' quickly banishes colds, flu and rheumatism. After ingestion in the system 'ASPRO' is an Internal Antiseptic, a Powerful Germicide, a Solvent of Uric Acid, Anti-Fermentative, Anti-Pyretic and Anti-Periodic. It is thus due to the comprehensive nature of the medicine that it has such a variety of uses. If taken at inception it will avoid the necessity to lie up. This is one of the reasons 'ASPRO' is so popular. It saves money and you don't have to lose active hours in bed. You get safe and effective results. Every home, during the winter months, should provide themselves with health insurance in the form of 'ASPRO'.

PROOF FROM BAD COLDS WARDED OFF BY 'ASPRO'

2 Clifford Road,
East Finchley, N.2.
Dear Sirs,
I feel I must write a few lines and tell you how thankful I am for the use of 'ASPRO'. For years I have been a sufferer with bad colds till this winter and I have warded off each attack with 'ASPRO' directly I felt the least suspicion of a cold. I take two and then I follow up with two going to bed and hot lemon and so have kept the cold away, and another thing I find them most helpful for at certain periods all women have. By taking 'ASPRO' they do relieve that dull pain most women get. I have recommended them to my friends and they all were delighted with the relief.

Again thanking you.
I am, yours truly,
(Signed) D. M. GREGG.

FREED FROM RHEUMATISM AT 76 YEARS OF AGE

3, Erminston Villas,
Rosmead St., Hull.
Gentlemen,
I wish to let you know the good results I have had by taking your 'ASPRO'. For years I was held up by rheumatism and always in great pain, and could not do my work properly or sleep at night for it.

Three years ago I tried your 'ASPRO' and finding I got relief through them I took them regularly and I am pleased to say that now I am free from the grinding pain and can do a good day's work and feel better altogether. I always have some on hand and take them occasionally when going to bed to keep me fit for next day. I always recommend them to anyone I can as I have found the tablets all you advertise them to be. I am 76 years of age.
B. GIBSON (Mrs.).

'ASPRO' Brings Swift and Definite Relief for

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NEURALGIA
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COLDS
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ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES, INCLUDING
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ETC., STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'.

ASPRO
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

ACTUAL USERS: INFLUENZA & COLDS GO

15, Cathcart Street, Rutherglen.
Dear Sirs,
It is with much pleasure I write to tell of the great benefit I derived from your tablets. I was threatened with a bad influenza cold. After taking four of your tablets I felt great relief and the cold gradually left me and I am all right again.
'ASPRO' I shall recommend to my friends.
(Signed) T. S. GLEN.

'EXCELLENT IDEA' SAYS DOCTOR

44, Arnold Road, Dagenham,
Essex.
Dear Sirs,
My children are subject to Bronchitis, and as soon as they are attacked we give them an 'ASPRO' and it immediately deals with the rising fever. A Doctor here, when the wife told him she always gives 'ASPRO' to the children, said: "A most excellent idea." Neighbours here often send round and ask the wife if she has one or two to spare, and we have assured many that they do not affect children's hearts, let alone adults. - I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,
(Signed) A. E. WARDEY.

3d, 6d, 1/3, 2/6
PER PACKET.

The Cheapest way to buy 'Aspro' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 60 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.
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('Aspro' Dept.), SLOUGH, BUCKS.
Telephone: SLOUGH 608.

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Movie Director... "Better put on more make-up to hide that stubble. You should have shaved for this close up."

Actor... "I did shave—but my skin is so tender I have to go easy."

Movie Director... "Rot! You change to Ever-Ready and see how comfortable a shave can be, even with a tender skin."

A CHANGE TO EVER-READY IS A CHANGE FOR THE BEST

It isn't your tender skin that makes your razor blades seem wrong. It's the wrong blades that make your skin tender! Change over to Ever-ready.

Ever-Ready Blades glide gently over the skin leaving the face cool and clean. They give you more comfortable shaves per blade.

Don't be a slave to the habit of bad blades. Use Ever-Ready and forget your tender skin.

All dealers recommend

Ever-Ready Blades



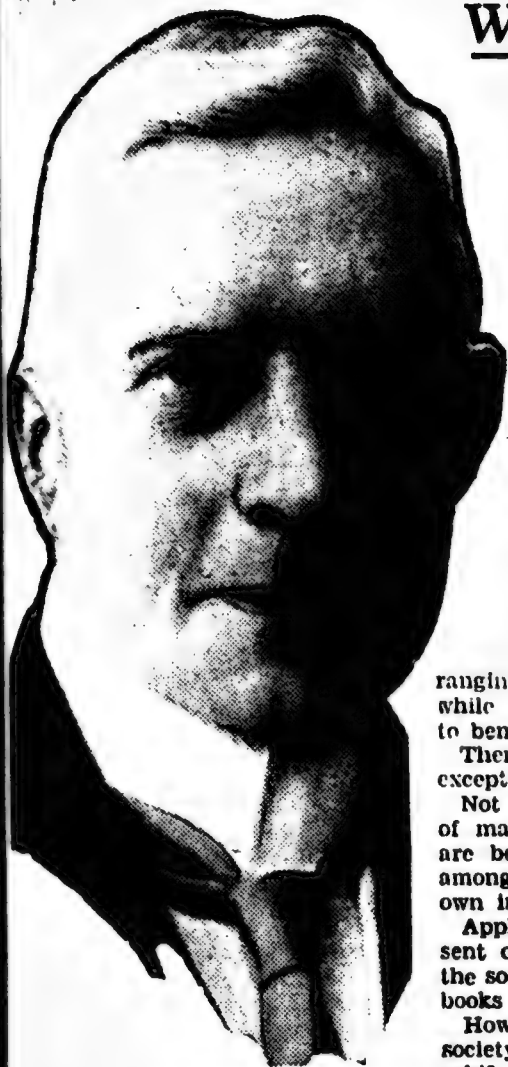
5 for 1/8

Meet at the Ever-Ready Corner—Piccadilly Circus.

C.F.H. 51

Weekly Informations from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

BIG Christmas Lottery SENSATION



"At the Guildhall Police Court both men were convicted"—by Sir Alfred Bower

TWO national daily newspapers have just announced that enquiries have reached them regarding a Christmas draw organised by the Empire Anti-Prohibition Society, of Sicilian House, Southampton Row, London.

They volunteered no answer to the queries, but dismissed the subject by stating that both the Marquis of Huntly, P.C., and Mr. C. J. Cutcliffe Borne, the famous author, who had been mentioned as vice-presidents of the society, strongly objected to the way in which their names had been used.

I can go a great deal further than that.

The president of the Empire Anti-Prohibition Society is given on the newspaper as G. V. S. Dunn, Esq., J.P., F.R.G.S., who resigned some time ago, while the names of G. Morton Reid and J. Malcolm Murray appear as "Joint Organising Secretaries."

Briefly, the society, which I find is eighteen months old, is not only out to fight Prohibition, but to prevent the Government from annexing the administration of the licensing trade.

Leave it to the brewers!

"State control," it is averred, "is a real bogey, and we must be ready for the next General Election with large membership and adequate funds."

In this respect it is claimed that over a hundred Members of Parliament are "pledged to support the society's full policy."

It all sounds sincere enough; but it seems strange to me that no word is said as to why the various licensed-victualler organisations already in existence should not be deemed powerful enough to look after their own affairs.

At any rate, these letters have been circulated from John-o'-Groat's to Land's End, and accompanying them have been books of tickets in what is termed the society's "Annual Christmas Draw."

There are twenty-two sixpenny tickets to each book.

A thousand prizes are promised,

ranging from cigarettes to hampers, while the proceeds of the draw are to benefit the funds of the society.

There are several points to which exception may be taken.

Not only is there not a committee of management, but books of tickets are being sent out indiscriminately among strangers to deal with on their own initiative.

Application-forms are also being sent out entitling anyone to write to the society's headquarters for as many books as may be desired.

How, in such circumstances, can the society keep any check on the tickets sold?

More surprising still are the instructions for the forwarding of remittances.

At least one would expect payment to be made to the society, but no; agents are specifically told to make cheques and money-orders payable to a "Mr. G. Morton Reid," and to send all remittances to him.

But while all these points are significant enough, I must pass on to more startling revelations.

The person most in evidence at the society's headquarters is one of the "Joint Organising Secretaries"—a Mr. J. Malcolm Murray.

Guildhall conviction

Why he elects to be there in that name I cannot say. His real name is James Murray Bruce, and his home is at Bridge House, Arthur Road, Wimbledon Park, S.W.

Has he adopted an alias because of his association a few months back as a director of a theatrical-company venture which failed after imposing upon certain people, and after leaving at least two offices with rent unpaid?

My own theory is that his modesty is dictated by prudence, because he knows that the Anti-Prohibition Society has already encountered serious trouble with the police over a previous lottery run, under its auspices in connection with this year's Derby.

At the Guildhall Police Court on June 26 last, a man called Arnold Stephen de Beer, who was then an official of the society, was summoned jointly with the director of a firm of printers for publishing an illegal lottery, described as the Empire Anti-Prohibition Society Derby Private Mutual Subscription Fund.

In spite of the cunning inclusion of the word "Private," it was disclosed in court that tickets could be obtained by anyone who professed to be anti-Prohibition.

Both the men were convicted, and, so far as I can discover, no prize-money was ever paid out.

In spite of this, Mr. J. Malcolm Murray and his colleague, Mr. G. Morton Reid, are launching the present "draw" on behalf of a society which is not officially recognised by the licensing trade.

Associated with this draw, though his name appears nowhere on the literature or tickets, is a man named George Dew, who, with a brother, is notorious in racing circles.

Dew was associated a little while ago with the London and Provincial Tote, Ltd., which had offices in Regent Street and Holborn Viaduct, London.

Agents were appointed throughout the country to collect money on behalf of the company; then it suddenly closed its doors.

Machine scheme

The directors, who were given as B. V. Westwood and C. Baden Arnold, vanished, and for days the deserted offices were besieged by agent-dupes.

Of Mr. Baden Arnold I know nothing, but a study of the activities of "B. V. Westwood" proves most interesting.

In order to unravel a very tangled skein, it is necessary for me to go back to the flotation of another concern, called Town and Country Automatics, Ltd., which placed an extraordinary proposition before shopkeepers and other members of the public.

Briefly, it claimed to represent a £200,000 Guernsey auto-vending-machine company which was prepared to give 200 free shares to anyone undertaking to instal one of its machines on their premises.

Little has been heard of this scheme latterly; but it so happens that the country is now being flooded with unsolicited circulars bearing the name of the Premier Auto-Vending Machine Company, Ltd., of Guernsey, urging people to participate in another Christmas draw.

Sixpenny tickets are offered in groups of six for 2s. 6d.; twelve for 5s.; and twenty-five for 10s.

A London address in Aldersgate Street is given, and recipients of the circulars are reminded of the previous arrangement made by Town and Country Automatics regarding free shares in the Guernsey concern, to which proceeds of the present draw are to go.

Police raid

But, curiously enough, the method of distribution is suspiciously similar to that employed by the Empire Anti-Prohibition Society, and books are sent indiscriminately to anyone.

Of course, the notorious name of Dew does not appear anywhere. But the name of "B. V. Westwood," of the London and Provincial Tote ramp, I find in the articles of association for Town and Country Automatics.

Two others concerned were Alan Macey and Jack Burns, a fact which enables me to forge further links in this amazing chain of investigations.

Macey's address was given as 37, Wardour Street, W., which is one of the headquarters of the brothers Dew.



"Strongly objected"—the Marquis of Huntly

Burns' address was given as 3 and 4, Archer Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, which again is very illuminating, since a gaming rendezvous, equipped with tape-machines, and known as the Shafto Club, has been run there by one of the Dew brothers for years.

It is not long since a taxi and two police-vans drove up to the Shafto Club and took forty men found there to Vine Street Police Station.

Rouge-et-noir and betting had been indulged in persistently, and brother William Robert Dew was fined £175 in consequence.

Jack Burns, whose name figures so innocently on the automatic company's records, was fined £100.

Thus the plot thickens!

Further evidence of the Dew influence is apparent when enquiries are pursued a little more deeply.

The Wardour Street address, I find, is also the registered office of another concern called the Shafto Company, Ltd., which has conducted dubious football-forecast competitions.

William Dew and Jack Burns were the leading lights of this also.

Ramp after ramp

I would add that the Grand Christmas Draw tickets now being circulated on behalf of the Guernsey Company are sent out in envelopes requesting their return to A. Macey, at 37, Wardour Street, if undelivered.

The Dews were also behind a monstrous turf swindle conducted in the name of Hammond and Co., of St. James' Street, Piccadilly, W., in 1920.

George and William played leading parts, and agents were left stranded.

Macey, who has worked for the Dews for years, was likewise engaged in this ramp.

The ramifications are unending.

At Bournemouth, for example, a similar ramp was run in the name of Puttock and Company.

George Dew, who was then known as George Morton, furnished the offices elaborately to impress the dupes who were soon to find that the concern was a swindle.

A more tangled web could scarcely be imagined, but I think I have unravelled enough to show the lengths to which persistent schemers will go in their efforts to part the public from their money.

I hope, also, that I have said enough to move the authorities to take action.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

John Bull's Shop Window brings a bargain store to your door. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly. Send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.



You can send your money to these advertisers as safely as purchasing across a shop counter. For every article is sold under JOHN BULL'S famous guarantee of absolute satisfaction or Money Back in full.

MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 3

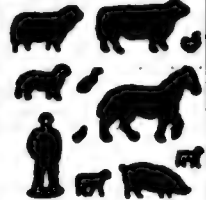
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NEW metal toys give unending delight. Children invent endless games with these lifelike and instructive farm animals and figures in natural colours. Cows, Pigs, Sheep, Poultry, Dogs, etc., from day chick to 12-in. horse.



50 MODELS 5/-

Post Free. Securely packed in handsome picture box. Buy direct from the factory. Send P.O. to day for your set. **R. NEWS, LTD., Endwell Works, Brockley, S.E.4** "Special Offer." 50 Toy Soldiers, 5/6, post free. Actual Makers of "Medics" for the Toy Trade and for National Advertising Schemes.

LUCKY BIRTH STONE NECKLET

With Descriptive Luck Legend.

No. 1 Garnet	for Jan.	No. 7 Ruby	for July.
No. 2 Amethyst	Feb.	No. 8 Diamond	Aug.
No. 3 Emerald	Mar.	No. 9 Chrysolite	Sept.
No. 4 Sapphire	Apr.	No. 10 Onyx	Oct.
No. 5 Emerald	May	No. 11 Topaz	Nov.
No. 6 Aquamarine	June	No. 12 Turquoise	Dec.

AMAZING BARGAIN.

A Genuine Half Guinea Necklet at the extraordinarily low price of 2/6. The illustration shows its exquisite design, viz., one main and two drop stones, but conveys no idea of the real beauty and colour of the handiwork-cut gems. Equal in workmanship and brilliance to most expensive jewellery, this high grade Gold-cased Necklet stands hard wear without losing its colour. Good value as it would be at 10/6, this represents an Amazing Bargain for 2/6.

2/6

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Each Birth month has its Lucky Jewel and Legend. Social and theatrical celebrities are keen believers in the mystic influences of these charms. Here is an exceptional opportunity for you to possess your own Lucky Stone in the most attractive form at less than a quarter usual price. Let this start your good luck, also what better gift can you make your friends for Xmas or Birthday Present? Send NOW, stating Month-Number of Birth for Stone required, as above, viz., No. 1, Garnet (for January); No. 2, Amethyst (for February), etc., and post with 2/6 P.O. to:-



WM. PENN & CO. (Dept. J.N.), 682, Holloway Rd., LONDON, N.19

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For storing Coal, Cycles, Prams, Household Goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Carriage Paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections. 8 1/2-in. panned, moulded, riveted weather boards. Roofing felt supplied. Floors extra. Long Wide High Cash or 6 Payments or 12

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Send only **6 D.** for this famous

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Genuine 18 ct. "Gold-rod" Full Hunter model with double dust and damp-proof back. Perfectly adjusted over movement and fully warranted. An ideal Christmas gift. 6d. deposit, 5/- after approval, balance payable 5/- installments until 22/6 is paid. If cash with order or balance within 7 days, 22/6. Can also be supplied in nickel polished case, Demi-hunter style at same price.

Write for latest lists.

LESTON BROS. LTD. (Dept. J.B.H.), 132, Newington Causeway, London, S.E.1.

REAL TALKIES - 1/11

Simply place the Klaphone on your gramophone and have real cinema talking pictures. No extra lighting required. Just start motor and watch and hear Mickey the Mouse, Charlie Chaplin, etc., perform to the music. Causes endless fun and amusement. With every make of gramophone. Complete apparatus together with five moving picture records. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned.

HASTINGS PATHE CO. (Dept. 42), 121 & 122, Wilson Road, R.W.1.

Makers of the famous Victor Two Gramophone Dancers 1/11, post 6d. Klaphone and Gramophone Dancers together, 2/6, post 6d.

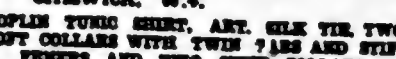


Yes! ONLY 7/6 FOR THE WHOLE OUTFIT

This amazing value is only made possible by a special purchase, and present supplies cannot be re-ordered. Shirts are made of finest quality Poplin. In New Season's stripes. Every article offered has the "quality" look, and ensures the wearer looking his best. Send to-day.

H. SCOTT, 26, GRANTHAM ROAD, CHEWICK, W.4.

POPLIN TUNG SHIRT, ART. SILK TIE, TWO SOFT COLLARS WITH TWIN TIES AND STIFF PETERS AND TWO STIFF COLLARS.



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GIFT 1

Cut out the Shilling Xmas Gift Voucher, attach it to Coupon below and post at once.



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DO IT NOW! Those of our readers who wish to receive their Gift Parcel at the best time for Christmas are strongly urged to send in their applications immediately. Every post swells the huge number of applications received. Fill up the coupon now.

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GIFT 3

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To "JOHN BULL'S" PEN DEPT., 27, Floral St., London, W.C.2.

I enclose "JOHN BULL'S" XMAS GIFT VOUCHER, value 1/-, which please accept in payment of the famous 5/- "JOHN BULL" PEN. This also entitles me to the Free Free Razor Set and 3/8 "Everpointed" Pencil. I enclose Postal Order for 4/-, plus 6d. to cover packing and insurance, making 4/6 in all.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Forset Clip for Pen 3d. extra. Tube of Pencil Refills 3d. Fine, medium, broad nib (cross out grades not required). Your name engraved in gold 6d. extra. Write in CAPITALS name or initials desired.

5) Cross cheque p.o. " & Co.," and make payable to "John Bull." J.B., 13

Astounding SCHOOL SCANDAL

MARJORIE MINNEY, of Burnt Oak, Middlesex, though only twelve years of age, is now under the worst possible stigma which could be cast on any child. She is a sweet, innocent little girl, popular with all her playmates and respected by their parents. Seven months ago Marjorie was attending the Goldbeaters Girls' School, on the new housing estate of the London County Council at Burnt Oak. At that time a number of other children in this school were unhappy, and their parents sought an interview with the authority concerned. They were astounded by statements made to them at this interview. The gist of what they were told was that their children would be happier if they ceased to have companionship with little Marjorie Minney, their fellow-scholar, who was described as unfit for association with them. So amazed were the mothers who heard this statement, and so convinced were they that it was totally unwarranted, that they did not hesitate to communicate with Mrs. Minney, Marjorie's mother. Next day Mrs. Minney went to the school and demanded an explanation. She was informed first that Marjorie had written something "nasty" in an exercise-book. Then she was definitely told that her daughter was immoral. "We will clear up the matter of the written 'nastiness,'" Marjorie, a few days previously, had been ordered with her classmates to write down a verse of poetry. In simple innocence this child wrote



"Popular with her school friends and respected by their parents"—Marjorie Minney

REMOVE that GRAVE SLUR!

the declaration that her daughter was immoral.

But no retraction was made, nor was the slightest substantiation given for this terribly cruel destruction of a little girl's character.

Most proper, we think, was the mother's decision. It was to remove her daughter from the school.

The headmistress was informed that the child would not return to the school until the horrible charge of immorality was either satisfactorily explained or unconditionally withdrawn.

Two months went past, however, and still no result was forthcoming from the promised enquiry by the Education Committee. Marjorie's parents, therefore, sent it a reminder.

Two days later the Education Committee sent its reply.

It was delivered on a Sunday, and was nothing more than a curt announcement that Marjorie would be transferred to another school.

This was heaping insult upon injury with a vengeance. It implied nothing less than that the Hendon Education Committee, without explanation of any kind, sustained the charge of immorality against little Marjorie.

Naturally, Mr. and Mrs. Minney refused to allow their daughter to go to the new school.

Seven months have passed. A few days ago Mr. Minney was haled before the Hendon magistrates.

An extraordinary feature of the case was that he was charged with having kept Marjorie away from the school for only four months.

"Forgotten"

The father told the magistrates that the actual period was seven months.

The Bench was obviously amazed when this statement proved correct, and demanded to know from the Education Committee's representative why proceedings had not been taken earlier.

The lame excuse was offered that the long absence of the child from school had "slipped the attention" of the local authority.

Of course, the fact that a twelve-year-old girl had been accused of immorality had also conveniently slipped official attention.

Then the father let loose the truth.

As his daughter had been charged with immorality, he asked the magistrates, would they allow their children to remain alongside her in school?

As his daughter had been charged with immorality at the age of twelve, the father next asked, would any of the magistrates be prepared to give her employment when she left school?

The Hendon magistrates are to be commended. They not only refused to make an order upon Marjorie's father, but told the Education Committee to have the situation cleared up.

Apology required

For seven months the Hendon Council, through its Education Committee, has by its inaction countenanced a damaging slur upon an innocent child.

The father, an unemployed painter, who was gassed and blinded in the war, has not the means to seek redress in the High Court.

Full apology to him, his wife and their child should be made forthwith.

in her exercise-book a verse which she and her companions sang at play. It was:

"No wonder, no wonder coppers get fat;
They go down the alley—eat all the fat,
And what they don't eat they put in their hat;
No wonder, no wonder coppers get fat."

Marjorie's mother was stunned by

The education officer they saw expressed astonishment, and, agreeing that the proper course had been taken in removing the child, undertook to have an immediate investigation made.

He pointed out that if twelve-year-old Marjorie had been guilty of immorality it should have been the duty of the headmistress to report the facts both to the Education Committee and to her parents.

No such report, however, had been made to any party.

Cruel Key to Misery

A POOR widow who lives in a side street near Drury Lane, London, and who works as an office-cleaner to maintain her two young children, recently found it necessary to search for alternative accommodation.

She could not spare means to advertise her requirements in the Press, but for a few coppers a newsagent consented to place a notice in his window.

As a result she was visited by a poorly, but neatly, dressed man of thirty or so, who gave the name of James Cooper.

He discussed the housing problem with her in a most sympathetic manner, and suggested that, as he was shortly leaving his own rooms to take a job up North, she might like to take them over.

Cooper gave a tempting description

of the rooms, but confessed that he was a little diffident at making any suggestion because there was one regrettable drawback.

He had just passed through a long period of unemployment and was a little behind with his rent. Not much—just a matter of 17s. 6d.—but he needed every penny he could scrape together in order to get to Leeds and the new job that awaited him there.

If the widow could advance him the money to enable him to square his account with the landlord he would undertake to return it as soon as he drew his first week's pay in Leeds; meanwhile, she could have the key of the rooms at once.

The poor widow, completely convinced by his apparent sincerity, managed to find 17s. 6d., and handed it over forthwith.

Cooper, for his part, handed her the key, together with the address and a receipt for her money.

But when the widow hurried round to the street mentioned, she found that the number given was a false one, and no one in the locality knew anything of Mr. Cooper or the alleged rooms.

We find that this man has been singularly active of late, and, though the sums he obtains are comparatively small, he often secures three or four dupes in a single day.

He makes a practice of watching small advertisements appearing in the Press or in newsagents' windows, and following them up with ruthless persistency.

The poorest of the poor are his victims, and we hope he will soon reap the punishment that his callous frauds merit.

Mystery MAGNET

ADVERTISEMENTS have lately appeared in the Press stating that film-producers urgently require original stories of all kinds, together with songs. Applications, we find, are replied to by a Mr. W. S. Pearce, of Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C. Mr. Pearce describes himself as an actor-producer, scenarist and composer. He writes laborious letters to applicants with his own hand, laying great stress upon the fact that he has "influential friends" in film circles. For some philanthropic motive which he does not bother to explain, Mr. Pearce is willing to offer his services to perfect strangers if they care to submit stories, and pay the "considerably reduced fee" of 10s. 6d. He assures all applicants that he is shortly leaving on a tour of the British Isles. He was telling them this in October last, and he is telling them the same thing to-day. Experienced writers know that reputable agents do not demand "reading fees"; but there are always innocent people to be imposed upon, and apparently Mr. Pearce, who does not seem to be known in film circles at all, expects to reap an easy harvest of guineas.

HEAD ^{and} NERVE PAINS

**CANNOT LIVE SIDE BY SIDE
WITH VIGOROUS HEALTH.**

MIDDLE-AGE need not mean "middling" health—let alone bad health. If the passage of years has robbed you of some of your old vigour and recuperative powers, these only need rebuilding with Dr. Cassell's Tablets. New vitality means new health, new happiness.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the one safe, sure, scientific remedy for:—

**HEADACHES, INSOMNIA,
BACKACHES, ANÆMIA,
INDIGESTION, DEBILITY,
PALPITATION, CHOREA,
BREAKDOWN, NEURITIS,
AND ALL NERVOUS COMPLAINTS.**

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

1/3

3/-

13 size contains 10 Tablets

GUARANTEE

The makers of Dr. Cassell's Tablets guarantee their purity, safety and medicinal activity. **THEY CONTAIN 10 SPECIAL INGREDIENTS** and may be given to the youngest child or most delicate invalid without hesitation.

THOSE aches and pains, that weary lassitude, that feeling that life isn't worth living—banish them now; see that bad health disappears for good—You can. It's not drastic drugs or temporary pick-me-ups you need. A safe, sound tonic is what your body is calling for, something that will tone up nerves, stomach and circulation, strengthening them to fight off ill-health—quickly—in Nature's own way.

THE SECRET OF CERTAIN SUCCESS

Dr. Cassell's Tablets have just this effect on the human make-up. They do not merely cover up symptoms; they get right down to the basic cause of the trouble, driving out ill-health by building up the whole system wherever new strength and vitality are needed. It takes the special blending of 19 chosen ingredients to ensure lasting relief. That is why Dr. Cassell's Tablets succeed where others fail. Prove it yourself to-day.

HAPPY MESSAGES OF NEW-FOUND FITNESS

NEURITIS VICTIM SLEEPLESS—NOW FREED FROM PAIN.

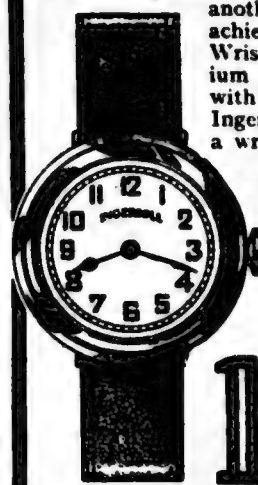
"For some time I had been in ill-health and had to be wheeled about, suffering from Neuritis. I had medicine to ease the pain. I also tried different pills without success. I then thought I would try Dr. Cassell's Tablets. After taking the second box I got great relief and can now get about to do my work." — Mrs. Fordham, Mill End, Cherry Hinton, Cambs.

"FIT AS A FIDDLE."

"I was just a 'bundle of nerves' and suffered from sleeplessness and rheumatism. After trying several remedies which proved of no avail, I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and now I am as fit as a fiddle." — Mr. J. B. Price, Gloucester.

XMAS GIFT BUYERS

Keen buyers will recognise in the new Ingersoll Earl Wrist Watch



another great Ingersoll achievement. The Earl Wrist Watch, with its premium plated case and with the famous Ingersoll guarantee, is a wrist watch of merit. It is the only watch of its class, and its name is on the guarantee, which is excellent.

10/6

IDEAL XMAS GIFT
Ingersoll Earl Wrist Watch 10/6.
Radiolite dial 12/6

Ingersoll

Pocket Watches 5/- to 21/6 | Wrist Watches 10/6 to 21/6 | Alarm Clocks 5/- to 15/-
Sold by Ingersoll Accredited Agents Everywhere
Ingersoll Ltd., Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

LATEST WINTER COAT

Trimmed REAL
2/6 NUTRIA
LAMB FUR
COLLAR & CUFFS

Owing to the enormous demand for this model, which is trimmed with REAL NUTRIA LAMB FUR at 29/11, we have now arranged to supply this coat in either wool, fur, cloth or velvet to suit all tastes. The coat is smartly cut with slightly shaped back and lined throughout with Art. Silk.
COLOURS: Navy, Brown, Wine, Green, Black. When ordering please state first and second choice of colour and material and give length, bust and hip measures (O.S. 4/- extra). No more to pay for a month. Monthly instalments of 8/-.



SMART FROCK BARGAIN

YOURS FOR 1/6

IN VELVET OR
TULLE



Cut with the fast long bodice and flare skirt, finished with a belt, lace collar and cuffs, this charming frock is supplied in a chiffon finish, velvet, fashionable Art. Silk, or Tulle.
COLOURS: Wine, Navy, New Blue, Brown, Black. Give length and bust measures (O.S. 4/- extra). Full cash with order, balance within 14 days, 10/- or 3/6 monthly until paid.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE OR CALL at our Regent St. Showroom where we have a wonderful selection of very attractive bargains in NUTRIA LAMB or OPONON FURS ready for immediate delivery.

BARGAIN COUPON.

COAT No. 1111. FROCK No. 1111.
Please send on approval your Bargain Coupon.
(*Cross out garment not required.)
Length..... Colour.....
I enclose my deposit, together with cover part postage, and agree to pay of price in one sum or instalments of per month. If I am dissatisfied, I will return the garment unworn within days and will refund my deposit. I enclose my coupon my name and full address at
Order enclosed 7/11/31

John Sterling
Sterling's for your Money.
Triumph House, 123 Regent St. East, London, W.1.

GOOD CLOTHES FOR MEN

Stylish OVERCOATS in all the most attractive and reliable cloth, at 42/-, 50/- and 63/-. Small Deposit and Easy Monthly Payments. 30 years' reputation for Good Quality Good Style, Good Fit and Complete range of fashionable new ready-made frocks, with simple self-measurement form and instructions. Satisfaction guaranteed.
J.G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

GRAVES 'TRIUMPH' BARGAIN BALE

is the most amazing Quality and Value Offer ever put before the readers of this journal.

It includes the following superb quality goods:

- One Pair WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS with Blue Borders. Warranted to wear and wash well. Whipped edges. Size 66 x 90ins. Weight 11lb pair.
- One Pair ALL WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS of excellent make and finish. Extremely durable. Whipped edges. Size 66 x 90ins. Weight 11lb pair.
- One Pair GREY BOLTON TWEED SHEETS of guaranteed quality. Hemmed and finished ready for use. Size 70 x 90ins. Weight 11lb pair.
- A COLOURED ALHAMBRA QUILT of tasteful design. Finished and hemmed ready for use. Size: 72 x 94ins.
- A BLEACHED DANMARK TABLE CLOTH in a very handsome dice design. Beautifully finished. Size 60ins square.
- Two pure WHITE PILLOW CASES with flap and buttoned ends. Size 30 x 36ins.
- A pure WHITE BOLSTER CASE to match. Size 20 x 60ins.

VERY IMPORTANT By way of extra benefit, and to demonstrate that reliable Sheffield Cutlery is still the finest product of its kind in the World, we are including in the Graves 'TRIUMPH' Bargain Bale a 16-Piece Sheffield Cutlery and Plate Service for the use of four persons. The 16-PIECE SERVICE comprises: 4 Knives of Stainless Sheffield Steel with keen edged blades and beautiful ivory grained handles; 4 Dessert Size Forks, 4 Dessert Size Spoons, and 4 Tea Spoons of 'Columbian' Silver, an amalgam of metals which resists acid stains and wears perfectly white and silver-like all through. Complete Bale (including the 16-piece Cutlery Service) Carriage Paid **63**

TERMS. Our Bargain Price for the Graves 'TRIUMPH' Bargain Bale is for Deferred Payments. Send 5/- now, a complete purchase in 11 Monthly Payments of 5/-. If you are entirely satisfied with the Bale after inspection in your own home. Money back in full if in any way dissatisfied. CATALOGUE of any of the following departments: Ladies' Fashion, Household Linen, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Crochet, Men's Wear, Gramophones, Records, Wireless Sets, Baby Cots, Carpets, Lamps, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

Don't neglect this health measure

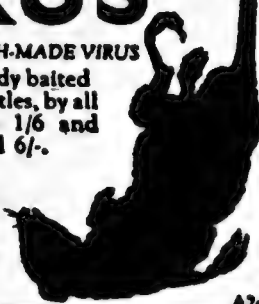
At the first sign of rats and mice—gnawed bread, butter, cheese—put down Liverpool Virus. These pests despoil food and health. From infected areas, from sewer and refuse heaps they carry disease germs to the home on fur and feet. Nothing safer to use or more certain in effect than

LIVERPOOL VIRUS

THE ONLY BRITISH-MADE VIRUS

Sold in tins (ready baited and liquid in bottles), by all Chemists. Mice 1/6 and 2/6. Rats 2/6 and 6/-.

EVANS SONS
LESCHER &
WEBB, LTD., 54,
HANOVER ST.,
LIVERPOOL.



MYSTERY WOMAN:

Amazing Letters

A DISTINGUISHED peer of the realm, noted for his charitable bequests, recently received a very moving letter.

It was dated from an address in Bishops Road, Paddington, London, and bore the signature of a Mrs. Alice Butler.

The writer regretfully apologised for approaching the peer, but a knowledge of his past kindness to those in need prompted her to lay her case before him.

Her husband, she explained, had worked hard all his life, but had been prevented by ill-health from making much headway.

Agony—in piles

He would never give in, and, proceeding to work one day when he should really have been in bed, he had collapsed in a busy street and had met a terrible death.

Thus she had been left penniless. Nothing could be claimed by way of compensation, and only the kindly intervention of friends had enabled her to give her husband a decent burial.

Since this tragic bereavement she had struggled hard to support her three children, but it had been a losing fight, and she was now to be turned into the street.

She herself was an invalid, and, with no relatives to aid her, there seemed no alternative but the workhouse.

She now appealed for assistance to save her children from this shame.

"Mrs. Butler's" letter rang true in every particular, but she is no ordinary begging-letter writer, for she clearly intimated that she did not wish her story to be taken for granted. She

ventured to suggest that the main facts should be confirmed, and to facilitate this she gave the name of a Church of England clergyman who had already helped her, and who knew her circumstances intimately.

In addition, she enclosed her rent-book to show that everything had been paid up to the time of her husband's tragic death.

We are here able to denounce the writer as a polished schemer, with an eye for the minutest detail.

In the case we have detailed, her voluntary invitation of enquiry was an impudent bluff to inspire further confidence.

Rent-book trick

The name given as belonging to a clergyman who would vouch for "Mrs. Butler's" integrity was a false one; and, in the same way, the rent-book which was so freely submitted for inspection was one which had been specially prepared by the writer's own hand.

The truth is that "Mrs. Alice Butler" is able to live on quite a magnificent scale simply by imposing upon the charitably disposed. In this respect this trickster is without a rival.

The rent-book trick is a favourite one. "Mrs. Butler" has a stock always in hand, and makes them up carefully to suit each case.

These well-worded letters are sent out by the score, and the convincing stories told to those to whom appeals are made for funds reveal a fertile mind and an inventive capacity of no mean order.

The address at Paddington is but one of numerous accommodation addresses used; others are scattered throughout the whole London area.

"Mrs. Butler's" name seems to vary too.

On one occasion the letters are signed "Mrs. Mary Fellowes," of Eversholt Street, Camden Town, London, N.W.; on another "Mrs. Agnes Palmer," of Drummond Street, Euston, or "Mary Betts," of Marchmont Street, London, W.C.

Other aliases, too numerous to mention here, include those of Nancy James, Gladys Wood, and Annie Collins.

It is clear from complaints which have been made about her operations that this trickster has been operating for some considerable time.

In some appeals debt-recovery forms are forwarded as "proof" of statements, and are filled in with fictitious facts and figures of alleged debts.

Many distinguished people have been approached in this way, while in some instances "Mrs. Butler" poses as a friend of a deceased relative in order to arouse sympathy.

Here are some examples of the inventive gifts displayed.

One day the writer is a widow; the next a distressed maiden; the next a deserted wife; the next an aged woman with an invalid child and a dying husband; the next an heiress temporarily short of money; the next a young, bereaved and expectant mother.

A study of some of the recent appeals, issued during one period, show that "Mrs. Butler" was in the midst of multiple sorrows.

Dead to-day —!

We find, for instance, that "her husband" was lying dead as she wrote; was ill with an incurable disease; was a victim of consumption; and was in a convalescent-home recuperating from a long illness.

Perhaps the strangest fact revealed in the various letters is that, apart from existing in permanent hunger and poverty, "Mrs. Butler" has been almost permanently on the threshold of motherhood.

During the past three years, in which mythical husbands have died and come to life scores of times, this polished schemer has been constantly "expecting a happy event."

In view of the present persistent frauds, the public should welcome a "happy event" of quite a different character, particularly when we reveal that the individual really responsible



Above: Mr. Bingley recently disclosed that begging-letter writing had increased rapidly in the past few years. The officer is Supt. Annis, of Hampstead, whose men must seek the elusive "Mrs. Butler."

The Man



at the
DOOR

It would have visited some of the storms in which storms and floods have been so prevalent of late and throughout the year, you might have your notebook in hand, going from door to door in order to ascertain the damage done to household goods.

These men were JOHN BULL representing the hard at work making out their reports in order that cheques under the JOHN BULL Great Free Insurance Gift might be speeded on their way to registered readers.

During the year thousands of pounds have been paid out to replace ruined furniture, precious possessions of all kinds.

As most of our readers know, JOHN BULL is the ONLY paper to pay Benefits for Storm and Flood, just as it is the ONLY paper to pay Fire Benefits.

* * *
Mr. Johnson, The Carrs, Ruswarp, wrote recently: "Many thanks for cheque. The prompt manner in which you settled the claim is typical of your paper. This is my second claim on account of flood within the past eighteen months. I have every reason to be thankful to you."

Storm, Flood, Fire, Sickness, Accident — JOHN BULL covers you against all these risks. Registration Forms will be found on page 38.

A Predatory Publisher

IN December last year, when commenting upon the dubious publishing ventures of Sidney Fowler Wright, we observed that "a sorry catalogue of wreckage" would be apparent when his name was next put before the public.

That prophecy has been strikingly fulfilled. The wreckage is before us now in the failure of Fowler Wright, Limited.

This private company was formed in 1927 to carry on the business of publishers and printers and to take over the remnants of a former venture of Fowler Wright's known as the Merton Press.

When we say that the Merton Press ended in the Official Receiver's hands, after being compulsorily wound up, it will be appreciated that the remnants taken over by Wright in making his new start were of no great consequence.

Nevertheless, he was full of optimism, and commenced business from a suite of rooms in High Holborn, London, W.C.

But he had no printing plant of his own, so had to come to an arrangement with a firm of printers, which undertook to produce such novels and volumes of verse as Fowler Wright thought fit to launch upon the world in his capacity of "publisher."

Here it should be noted that Fowler Wright's idea of publishing, except where his own works are concerned, is for the author to contribute towards the cost.

We have already criticised him in this respect, particularly in instances where authors have paid money without ever seeing their works in print.

The affairs of Fowler Wright, Ltd., have also ended in the Official Receiver's hands.

Listen to what the Receiver says:

"The failure of the company is directly attributable to mismanagement on the part of Fowler Wright, the sole director of the company, in that the business was conducted throughout in a thoroughly unsatisfactory and unbusinesslike manner."

Fowler Wright is content to plead that his time was so much taken up with detail that he had not the leisure to give due consideration to manuscripts, in consequence of which most of his publications did not prove good sellers. Very weak, if plausible.

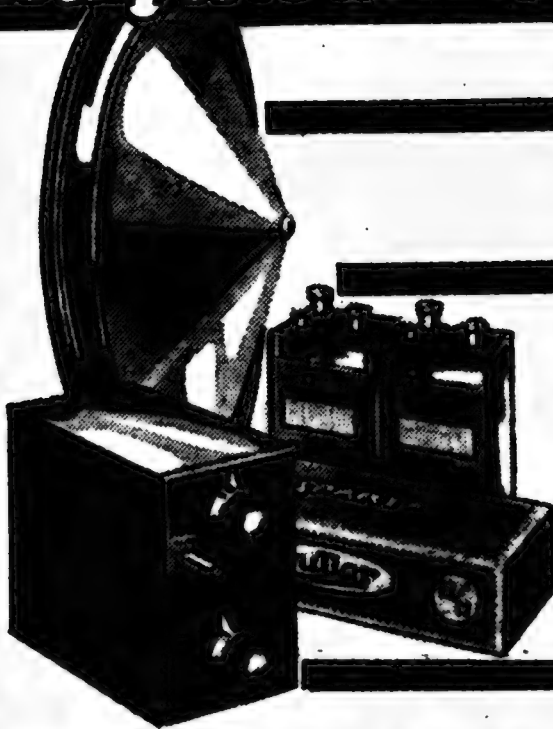
The company's books are so meagre that it is impossible to arrive at any detailed account of its trading.

Such figures as are available speak for themselves.

There is a total deficiency of £3,374 15s. 5d., while the Official Receiver describes the position as "extremely disastrous" for unsecured creditors, whose claims amount to £2,432 2s. 8d.



What! the DOUBLE TWO Wireless, for only 36'7?
Yes, if you buy it with the complete accessories equipment



AMPLION 21'
 Loud Speaker

2 FULLER 9'
 Sparta 2 Volt Accumulators

FULLER 12'
 Sparta H.T. & G.B. Battery

DOUBLE TWO 36'7
 2 Valve Set Complete with Valves

All in Price

79'6

READ WHAT OWNERS SAY

Received the "Double Two" quite safely, and we are delighted with it. Those of our friends who have heard it think it is fine. We are quite satisfied. C. DONSON, 42, Coldwell Road, Cross Gates, Leeds.
 It is quite up to expectations, and I am delighted with it. It is certainly a little wonder. T. DAVIDSON, 24, Cuthbert Avenue, Levenshulme, Manchester.
 A remarkably fine set and perfectly natural tone. Am delighted with it. - C. E. SUMMERS, 20, Woodstock Gardens, Goodmayes, Essex.
 Splendid. I am one of the satisfied millions. Packing perfect. - H. DOWSE, 21, Mildred Street, Tynant, Llantrisant, Vandre, Glam.
 Quite satisfactory in every way, and I shall let all my friends know about it. - J. A. DAVID, 10, Hopon Road, Barry.
 It is everything claimed by you. Within half an hour of receiving the set I was listening in. I had previously paid £10 for a three-valve set, and it was nothing to compare with yours. - R. NORWOOD, Evesham, Worcester.

£1,000 GUARANTEE.

The above testimonials are typical of the thousands we have received, the originals of which can be seen at our office. We have deposited a cheque for £1,000 with our bankers, Barclays Bank, Ltd., Borough, London, S.E.1, which will be paid to anyone who can disprove the fact that each of the testimonials is entirely voluntary and not paid for in any shape or form.

You may wonder why the amazingly low price of 50/- for the "Double Two" Set is even lower when bought with the complete accessory equipment.

It is because we wish to introduce to radio those many thousands who have not yet the joy of possessing their own wireless set.

Our past sales experience proves that thousands will avail themselves of this remarkable offer and purchase a complete "Double Two" equipment. There are two coupons below. Post coupon A if you are sending cash. If you require fuller particulars send coupon B.

Hire purchase terms available.

DOUBLE TWO 50'
 2 Valve Set Alone
 (Complete with Valves)

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY

DAILY EXPRESS.—"A really efficient set at an extremely moderate price. Under a trial test this neatly-built two-valve set received fourteen stations at full Loudspeaker strength and this excellent performance by no means exhausts its possibilities."

DAILY SKETCH.—"Twenty broadcasting stations were received in London with an out side aerial."

DAILY MAIL.—"Performance is remarkably good. London stations separated without difficulty. Foreign stations picked up. The Loudspeaker at comfortable strength. The designers of the 'Double Two' are to be congratulated on having shown the way to loud speaker reception at the right price."

DAILY HERALD.—"The 'Double Two' as it is called, represents remarkable value for the money. Its transformer coupled circuit gives really surprising Loudspeaker volume."

SUNDAY PICTORIAL.—"I have had the opportunity of trying out in my own home one of these amazing little sets. I have no hesitation in saying that it is a set who requires so nothing cheap, good in the way of wireless Receivers will be found what he wants in the Double Two. The Double Two is undoubtedly a little set."

COUPON A Post to HUSTLER, SIMPSON & WEBB, LTD., 55-57, Tanner Street, London, S.E.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me by return, ready to use, carriage paid, with full instructions (illustrated) for fixing up:—

- (1) One Double Two Set, complete with valves, at 50' or
 (2) with the additional accessories outfit as described, 79' 6
 (Cross out item not required.)

for which I enclose.....in full payment.

NAME.....

J.B.2. ADDRESS.....

COUPON B Post (if stamp on an unsealed envelope will do) to HUSTLER, SIMPSON & WEBB, LTD., 55-57, Tanner Street, London, S.E.1.

Dear Sirs,

Please send me, without obligation, your illustrated folder and fullest details of your Double Two Wireless Set.

NAME.....

J.B.2. ADDRESS.....

I say! What a Xmas Present!

The

Secret Behind the
SPEED-COP

by A Special
Correspondent

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1931, will witness the start of a revolution in British motoring. On that day also will be born a new British police force—an infant which in a few years will grow into a vast and mighty organisation.

On the surface there is no apparent relationship between these two events. But they are twin brothers.

Their parent is the new Road Traffic Act which will be in operation on January 1, and by which speed-limits on the open road are abolished and a catalogue of new penal offences is created.

Perhaps the word "new" is an exaggeration. They are the old offences—drunkenness in charge, recklessness, carelessness, and the like—but they have been so defined, overhauled and embellished that the motorist will be in the fullest mercy of the police.

Students of legislation have wondered at and speculated upon the reasons for the design and abundance of the clauses of the new Act.

Mr. Herbert Morrison, the Transport Minister, has bestowed the Act upon the motoring public with suave and gracious gesture.

He has made it appear as a gift of great and novel benefits to them, and comforted them with the assurance that it has been framed with only one intention—the advent of a new age in motoring when courtesy, freedom, and good driving will be the universal rule of the road.

A new push

No one will seek to quarrel with Mr. Morrison's hopes and benedictions. It is preferable, however, to cut out the handsome stuff and reveal the truth about this Road Traffic Act.

The formation of the new force has not been designed solely to deal with ordinary traffic.

It has been designed in close co-operation with and the reorganisation of our police and their methods.

There is no blinking the fact that the British police service as a whole is years behind in its pursuit of the criminal.

To-day the bulk of big crime is committed with the use of the motor-car. Flying Squads provided with racing-cars and wireless telephones notwith-

"... not designed solely to deal with
ordinary traffic ..."

standing, the police of this country are most inadequately equipped to deal with the expert modern criminal.

The Road Traffic Act provides the ground and material for the building of an immense new structure of crime detection.

It is the instrument for the creation of what can and will become the greatest mobile police unit in the world under central and undivided control.

This fact was not revealed when the measure was being piloted through its Parliamentary stages. There can be no harm in disclosing it now.

One thousand policemen mounted on motor-cycles and in specially-built fast motor-cars will take the road on New Year's Day.

They will be, however, only the first battalion of a mechanically-equipped corps of detectives which, there is reason to forecast, will a few years hence travel the highways of Britain from end to end by night and day.

Gloves on—at first

In the Road Traffic Act an ingenious and suitable medium has been found for the introduction and training of the first thousand men of this mobile brigade.

Their duties, ostensibly, will be limited to the supervision and direction of motor traffic. They will marshal motorists, wage vigorous war against the irresponsible driver, and give

friendly warning and encouragement to those guilty of minor faults.

There is no reason to disbelieve that during perhaps its first year of existence this will be the principal function of the mobile force.

Then, gradually, it will be extended and adapted to the real, but concealed, purpose for which it has been brought into being.

But in its first year of life the new organisation may become not an aid, but a menace, to the motoring public.

Can he change?

Experience has taught the ordinary motorist that the police, excellent fellows though they may be as policemen, are not brilliant in their estimate of what constitutes motoring skill, and not, as a body, given to offering friendly warnings and encouragement to road users.

Will the leopard change his spots merely because he is seated astride a motor-cycle or is at the wheel of a fast-travelling car?

Surely, however, the man-in-the-street will say, a special body of experienced and expert motor-drivers has been recruited for the new road police—men who understand driving difficulties and those curious combinations of circumstances which repeatedly arise in traffic.

Not a bit of it.

Every member of the mobile unit will be drawn from the ranks of the ordinary mounted and foot police.

It is true that the men chosen for the work must have had "some experience" of motor driving, but what does that amount to?

Speed-King trainers

Their chief qualifications will be those of the ordinary policeman—a certain height and chest measurement and the ability to write legibly.

True it is also that a number of

famous racing drivers have agreed to coach the road police in the care and handling of the high-powered machines which have been built for them.

Even this, however, is not good enough for the public protection.

Take the case of a man of ten or fifteen years' driving experience who may have been guilty of, but denies, a charge of dangerous driving.

In court he will put his long experience of road conditions against that of the mounted constable.

In cross-examination the policeman will probably admit that his motoring experience has been hitherto confined to an occasional Sunday afternoon spin with his wife or sweetheart.

The fact that he has had a few weeks' driving tuition from a famous motorist will not make much difference.

Whose word will likely be accepted?

One successful defence of this kind in a Road Traffic Act prosecution might be sufficient to bring ridicule upon the efficiency of the whole mobile police force.

Think also of the danger to which a chauffeur or heavy motor-vehicle driver can be subjected from the testimony of an inexperienced police patrol.

Go slow!

If convicted on this evidence, his licence might be withdrawn or suspended, and his livelihood imperilled.

This is the inevitable difficulty arising from the creation of a new organisation for one purpose with the intention of developing and using it later for another.

In the transition period there can and must be only one safeguard for the public.

It is that the Home Office shall give definite orders to the mobile policemen against the use of excessive zeal.

The policy of our road police must be to help, not harass.

The Human Machine

Are You a Shadow?

"**N**OTHING is more rare in any man," said Emerson, "than an act of his own," and, commenting on this, Oscar Wilde once said: "It is quite true. Most people are other people. Their thoughts are someone else's opinions, their lives a mimicry, their possessions a quotation."

And if, we put it quite plainly and honestly, most of us would have to admit that either shallowness or snobbery was at the root of most of our thoughts and actions.

Shallowness, laziness, sheer unwillingness to think for ourselves; or else snobbery, the constant effort to "climb," the envying and aping of those we imagine to be our "betters." Isn't it so?

The true individualist is a rare bird, all the rarer because it needs real pluck to be individual, to be a pioneer, to stand out even an inch from the common herd. It needs courage and constancy and idealism.

It is indeed no easy matter to be individualist, or, if you prefer it, to be original; for the first instinctive reaction of the world is scepticism and the second is contempt; while martyrdom of mind and spirit is quite likely to be your only reward.

Yet it is always worth while to lead. It is always worth while to think your own thoughts and to hold your own opinions.

History is one long tale of the world being wrong and the individual being right. And if, by thinking your own thoughts, you do no more than satisfy your own soul you have at least fulfilled the Purpose that made you a man.

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Without
Fear
or
Favour

IS

YOUR
BOSS
on the
"DOLE"

?

"The extent
of dole milk-
ing is now on
a gigantic
scale"



FOR many years past the "dole" has been Tom Tiddler's ground for various sections of the daily Press. They would have us believe that it has been and is a very lucrative Tom Tiddler's ground for the greater part of the employable population of Great Britain.

They have made our flesh creep with highly garnished accounts of the demoralisation which has set in amongst the nation's workers.

We propose, however, to reveal another side of this picture, a side, moreover, which makes singularly unpleasant telling to all of us who hold a belief in the fundamental decencies of our national business life.

For some time past JOHN BULL has been accumulating evidence of a widespread practice on the part of numerous employers in every class of industry to keep their businesses going by means of the "dole," and at the expense of the nation's purse-strings.

A typical instance of this wangle is a scheme adopted at some collieries in the North.

The men were informed that they would be put on such short time as to qualify for three days' "dole" each fortnight. They had further to accept reductions from their pay ranging from 7½ per cent. to 10 per cent.

It was pointed out to them that their "dole," plus their wages for this period, would come to more than if they worked a normal working week. The additional amount, worked out in the examples given, ranged from 7s. 10d. to 10s. 2d., according to the class of worker.

In other words, 10 per cent. of the entire labour costs of those mines goes into the owners' pockets, and that 10 per cent. is provided by the "dole" fund.

IN this particular instance some of the men protested—in the first place, that it was a dangerous principle to accept the reduction in their wages, however nominal and however concealed; and, in the second place, because they doubted whether the "dole" would be paid to them under the circumstances.

To satisfy this latter scruple, the mine-owners, with sublime impudence and the safest conviction in the stretching power of the Unemployment Insurance Act, gave the Ministry of Labour full details of the scheme.

The Ministry could not prevent it. Furthermore, a leaflet was subsequently issued to the men with the suave suggestion that those who had not returned to work and had not accepted the company's offer would receive no unemployment pay.

The mineowners' ultimatum to the Ministry of Labour reminds us of nothing so much as Al Capone's famous message to the Administration of Chicago—that if it would sanction his racket he would kill fewer policemen and remove his booze and dope racket from its obvious notice.

The extent of "dole milking" by employers throughout the country is now upon a gigantic scale.

It is paralysing and stultifying all honest endeavour by those employers who still retain a shred of conscience.

The good employer who keeps on the whole of his staff for a full working week at a sacrifice of immediate profit is being penalised by what was in the beginning a measure of public assistance for the unemployed worker.

HE is virtually being fined the employer's contribution he pays each week—for being a good employer.

He is gravely handicapped in his competition for markets for his goods by others who use the nation's money for the furtherance of their own concerns.

The excuse by those who have been bold enough to advance one is that this subsidising of the "dole" is justifiable; that by its means they keep their chimneys smoking and their factories open.

Shopkeepers in all the cotton-mill districts of Lancashire have now started on this disgraceful ramp.

Food-stores, for instance, normally carrying a sufficient staff to cope with their busiest time, have taken to standing off half their staff for half the week, thus qualifying them for the "dole," and taking them on again for the rush period at the end of the week, when their customers' pay-day comes round.

In London, the National Federation of Retail Fruiterers and Fishmongers recently drew the attention of the Minister of Labour to the grave competition it was feeling by this unprincipled abuse outside its federation.

It pointed out the consequences of this casualising of labour, and demanded what was to be done about it.

The Ministry can do nothing about it. The whole administrative fabric of the Act is outworn and incapable of coping with it.

In the transport industry particularly, and especially in districts like South Wales, the arrangement between employers and workers for this shuffling with the "dole" is a perfectly open one.

Working hours are arranged which will give additional profit to the employees and yet

enable them to draw the "dole" in addition to their earnings.

Coal-trimmers in the Cardiff district earn £5 for three days' work and claim benefit for the rest of the week.

In one firm 40 per cent. of the men discharging iron ore earn £5 in two and a half days, and draw "dole" in respect of the rest of the week.

In the wholesale clothing industry and the cabinet-making industry in many parts of the East End of London and the North Country the practice is rife.

Whole factories are run on the principle of casual labour, the men receiving reduced wages for a short working period and a half-week's holiday, and the "dole" securing them as much as or more than they would earn in a normal week's work.

So general has it now become that it is no exaggeration to say that one-third of the unemployment figures is due to this spurious form of unemployment.

What proportion of the £22,000,000 paid out in "transitional" benefits to the workers this year will later on appear in the balance-sheet profits and upon dividend-warrants?

One fact, an amazing fact, is that if the Ministry of Labour figures for 1929 are analysed, it will be seen that a colossal amount of the unemployment has taken place in the so-called "solvent" industries.

That fact is sinister and significant. Our face is blackened in the world's eye by the dark cloud of unemployment. If the figures are thoroughly sifted and examined, it will be seen that the true figures are overwhelmingly less.

THE Prime Minister is aware of these facts which we have stated. He has said that for a long time he has been unhappy and suspicious of the methods by which these figures and these totals have arrived.

Let him look closer at this wholesale bar-ratry of the ship of State.

A few days ago there were wigs on the green in the House of Commons. The occasion was the demand of the Minister of Labour for a further £10,000,000 loan to the Unemployment Fund.

The Minister admitted in guarded language the charges we have here made, and she announced the setting-up of a Royal Commission to enquire into the future scope of the Act.

The Commission is to get to work before Christmas. We want to know that no more of the further £10,000,000 for which the Ministry asked and received is to go into board-room pockets.

We demand that the Commission probe this "dole" wangling to the bottom. The evidence is everywhere, and it rests in its hands to close up these loopholes in an antiquated Act before the nation is bled quite white.



Leave ROYALTY Alone

STORIES THAT ARE
BETTER LEFT OUT

"Will enlighten anyone..." *The Press Secretary at Buckingham Palace: Mr. F. H. Mitchell, C.B.E., M.V.O.*

MILLIONS of loyal British people pity the Royal Family for the blatant nonsense which is written about them.

"If I am ever in doubt as to what is happening in my house," said the Duke of York recently, "I need only turn to the gossip of the *Daily Wonder* and I find all the information I want, whether it be the latest remark or action of my daughter, though probably unknown to myself, or the fact that we have changed the decoration of our London house some ten or twelve times since we first occupied it three years ago."

Although speaking with the usual Royal good humour and restraint, there is plainly much genuine feeling behind the Duke's complaint.

And is it not justified? Why cannot Royalty in

their private capacity be left alone, like other people?

Our Royal Family must endure with dignity and good grace the daily spate of detail—true and untrue—concerning their private lives, published without any permission in almost every newspaper, periodical, and magazine throughout the land.

So there descends an avalanche of books, so-called "official" biographies, reminiscences, articles, gossip and photographs. Most of them are impertinent. They pan-

der to the taste of the poke-nose minority.

We are not referring to the brazen activities of an ex-convict writer who, in the past year, must have made a small fortune from this type of garbage.

The columns of *JOHN BULL* have already exposed Netley Lucas and others of his kidney.

There is a host of shady people who try to pass on to the public little items of things that never occur, but which might safely happen.

The stuff is written as though the person might be a secret, but valued, friend of the Household.

It is simple to expose this sort of individual and those others who make a practice of writing Royal biographies and calling them "official."

offend the susceptibilities of their Majesties if it were published.

The manuscript is read in good faith and found harmless. It is returned with a brief note. From that moment, the book is called an "Official Biography."

Has it not been inspected and passed by a prominent member of the Court?

Publishers gulled

Publishers and editors are impressed. The action of an unsuspecting Court official is accordingly capitalised. The book earns what profits it can.

To come down to brass tacks: there is only one biography of the Queen published with her permission, but there are a good half-



The true and the false: (above) Press photographers "getting down to it" and (left) how a camera snooper works—behind a helix

dozen which have somehow got into print.

There is an official at Buckingham Palace who will enlighten anyone who cares to enquire of this matter.

His duty is to supply information to the Press concerning their Majesties, and it is not a secret to state that most of the information published does not come from his office.

Mocking the Crown

It may be that all these feeble volumes do no harm. It may be that the flood of inspired and totally flaccid articles, filled with imaginary detail and anecdote, which swamp newspaper, weeklies, and women's magazines without stay concerning the "intimate life" of the Royal Family are perfectly innocuous.

But is this so?

Words are put into the mouths of Royalty which must hold them up to ridicule as stupid, dull-witted persons.

Because most of these Royal statements are imaginary, the inventors are compelled to tread lightly. They are forced to con-

The procedure of these latter scribes is almost stereotyped:

The manuscript of the biography, in the first place, is collected from public reference-books, Press cuttings, and more or less authentic books of reminiscences.

It never contains a fact or an incident unknown to every intelligent person. Therefore, it is innocuous as a saleable article. No publisher wants it.

A special appeal must be given to it, and nothing is better to secure than the imprint of the word "Official."

This magic, though spurious, word is earned merely by sending the manuscript to some person at Court—ways and means can always be found to do this—and his or her opinion is asked as to whether such book would

"The State must protect Royalty." Time was when sturdy Yeomen of the Guard like these defended the King's person. Now his household is subjected to subtler injury

ect "safe" remarks—the heaviest platitudes.

The leading figures in the most brilliant Court in the world are made to talk like half-wits. Here is a typical example. It is reported to have occurred at Sandringham. The King and Queen had stopped to inspect some prehistoric remnant excavated in the local schoolmaster's garden.

"What sort of animal is that?" asked the King. "Anything in the nature of a snipe?"

"Why, no," said the Queen, modestly hazarding a piece of abstruse archaeological information on a cursory examination of the strange object. And she was found to be quite correct."

This is from one of the numerous biographies. It represents that His Majesty—considered the best shot in England—did not know a snipe when he saw one, and presents the Queen uttering



Lord Stamfordham, the King's Secretary

a more negative and finding herself perfectly correct!

All the stories about the Queen's deep humanity, home-loving ideas, her fondness for children and grandchildren are beautifully true, but when some clumsy idiot—male or female—presumes to talk about her private life, it becomes nauseating.

For the Queen is a highly-intelligent woman, with the most exceptional opportunities in the

world of knowing people and knowing what to do.

She has one of the most informed minds among contemporary women. Her conversation is lively, shrewd, witty.

She is the fine type of the British matron. But we don't gossip about the other matrons and invent a thousand trivial stories.

Similar sort of nonsense is written about the Princes. From some accounts published of their prowess in various tasks and sporting exercises their achievements are truly miraculous.

Needless to say, such toadying rubbish is peculiarly distasteful to the four very modest young men who are the sons of His Majesty.

The Duke of York has often been made to appear the sort of pilot who ought to adorn the high-speed flight at Felixstowe with men like Grieg, Orlebar and Jack Hope.

The Duke has thought fit to state in public that he is but "an indifferent airman."

A flying fable

Again, the Prince of Wales was recently given the second-pilot's control of the *Dornier Do.X*.

Imaginative writers gave highly coloured accounts as to how H.R.H. took full control of this huge, twelve-engined monster and swung it about the heavens in a way that brought forth the most enthusiastic ejaculations from Dr. Dornier himself.

It is very doubtful if the most skillful flying-boat pilot in the R.A.F. would have been able to take full control of the *Dornier* in the air without some hours of careful instruction.

This is quite obvious to anyone who knows anything about flying, and the Prince himself, knowing quite a lot, must strongly resent the implication of his pre-eminence over the best pilots in the world.

Foreign writers seize upon this sort of stuff with avidity, and ridicule abroad is often savage in consequence.

Most people are aware of the hackneyed joke in the American Press which presents the Prince falling off horses.

This is again due to what has appeared in our own newspapers, and it has annoyed the Prince so much that in the course of an American interview he emphatically denied falling off horses.

There is all the difference in the world between a horse falling with

its rider and a rider falling from his horse. The former accident happens to all good riders, and the Prince has been no exception in this respect.

It is admitted that the world-wide ridicule which is created by all the nonsense written about Royalty is not intended by the writers in the first place, but the obvious way to prevent any ridicule is to leave Royalty in its private capacity severely alone.

There is actually no "High" and "Low" to-day, and the Prince of Wales is the man who proves it.

With delightful candour, he admits he is just one of the other fellows. That is why all the snoopers and publicists, all the rubbernecks and tuffhunters crowd around him.

Occasionally people whom the Prince has met call at York House and some of them manage to be received by the Prince himself.

The result of these interviews is often found plastered over the pages of magazines and newspapers, at home and abroad. The Prince is not so much as consulted.

No privilege, as would be granted to an ordinary person, is accorded him of seeing the proof of the interview.

Tuft-hunting editors keep their designs secret. First-hand Royal copy is a very attractive proposition when the official blue pencil is powerless to operate.

The Prince is constantly having his kindness and hospitality capitalised in this manner.

This famous little lady's picture has never before appeared in "John Bull." She is often credited with saying a host of things she has never uttered



There should be some machinery to prevent this sort of brazen exploitation. When we remember how careful, for reasons of State, Royalty are compelled to be, how circumspect in conduct and utterance as a duty to Downing Street, it seems curious that the State should not offer Royalty some protection in return.

All the resource and wealth of Pressdom is at the disposal of any person who can slip down at Royal keyholes or rake over the dustbins and linen-baskets of the Household to betray intimacies of Royal life for the benefit of a small, vulgar minority.

The other day, a certain person, with the ability to employ a small camera to great advantage, snapped the Prince of Wales at a public social function.

It is the latest picture of the sort which will be taken of H.R.H.

But the person responsible is one of that new and peculiar brotherhood who make a speciality of photographing notabilities at private and semi-private social functions.

Snoop-hounds

So pernicious have become the activities of this set that they purposely take photographs at an angle which may reveal their victims in a supposedly compromising position.

All this is hateful to a public which has an intense dislike of interference with private life.

The MAN WHO WAS NEVER BORN



The Best
Gift of All
—A Box of
Manikins—
a really welcome
change from pipe
or cigarette.

Fifty occasions
for happy thanks
and a treat for
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Flavour—the
Ladies the Frag-
rance.

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MOTHERS
LACTAGOL**

may be sure of rich
and abundant breast
milk and renewed
strength if they take

as recommended by Doctors and Nurses everywhere.
Expectant mothers also find it most valu-
able and it is excellent for weakly children.

FREE

Free trial package and under private
cover, an application to Lactogen,
35, Gordon Square, W.C.1. Of all
chemists, 1/6, 3/3 and 5/6 per tin.

HE was never born, but he will live for ever. Nobody knows whence he comes or whither he goes. His beard is long and white and ancient; but he has the heart of Peter Pan. He is a saint to children, yet ministers to sinners. Father Christmas they call him, or Santa Klaus—"the Little Saint" in any Germanic tongue.

The man with a load of love. The myth-moth, flitting here, there and everywhere in the bright light of human kindness. The spirit of Christmas; scarlet symbol of the annual pageant of benevolence and joy.

Wonderful will-o'-the-wisp, he is at once everywhere, for he has one soul, hut countless bodies. Burdened with bursting gift-bag, he struts the great stores.

The street knows him with his handbills and his little hoarding-boards. He brings season to the stage, and is the spirit of the Christmas party.

Under the motley

We have tracked down some of his other selves and find them intensely human. Under the motley of scarlet and white beats a human heart—sometimes broken.

Beneath the bearded mask is a human face—sometimes scarred in the battle of life.

Here's a Santa Claus known to a million kiddies. They have never seen his face; they don't know his name. Except at Christmas-time they don't care whether they never see him again.

He is Mr. Walter Fullerton, a fine old fellow, who has filled the traditional rôle at a famous store in Holborn, London, for seven years.

If he had arrived on the roof of the big store in a snow-powdered sleigh, bells tinkling, reindeers hissing, he could be no more like the children's Yuletide patron in looks and spirit.

He loves the children. And they love him.

For seven years now he has watched them grow from wide-eyed toddlers, fascinated but awed by his picturesque robe and beard, into sturdy boys and girls who know their legs have been pulled but "don't let on."

For they come back again, year after year, to "Santa" Fullerton. He knows their names and he remembers them. And he remembers their fathers and their mothers, and they like "Santa" Fullerton, too.

Lonely "Santa"

But none of them know that "Santa" Fullerton's only son was killed in the Great War, and that he lost not only his first wife but his second.

When the New Year breaks, when the crowds thin, when the boys and girls go back to school, and Father Christmas is forgotten, it is with a heavy heart that he removes his Yuletide motley for the last time and becomes Mr. Fullerton.

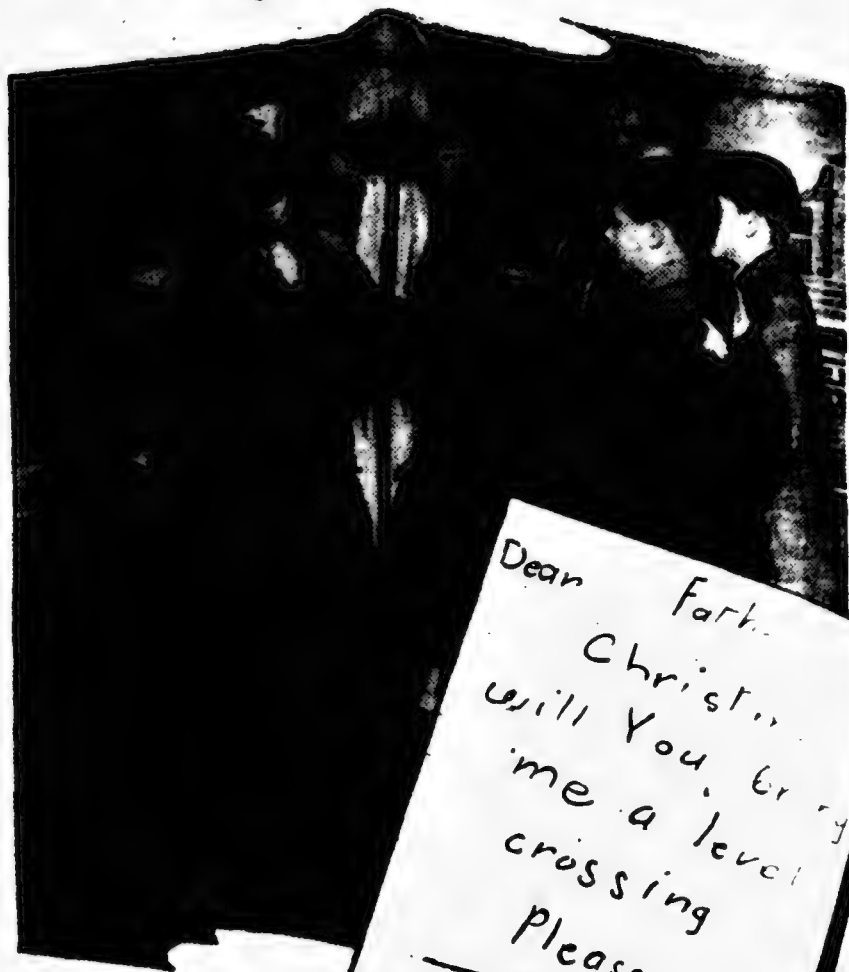
Equally as famous an "unknown" is "Santa" J. Ellis, who has also, for many years, been a deputy of the man who never was born.

He also has a million or more little friends. He also shares their Yuletide delight, and he also takes a peculiar pride in their little tokens of affection.

Only a few days ago a little girl came to him with a "present for Father Christmas." That was a new one on Santa Claus.

Little boys and girls often ensure that he has been left his supper before they retire to bed on Christmas Eve, and sometimes leave soap and water for his toilet after the messy passage down the chimney, but they seldom think of presents.

That's Santa's job.



"They come back again, year after year, to 'Santa' Fullerton"

But this little girl pressed it into "Santa" Ellis' hand with a glad little smile.

She had brought it all the way from Norway for the English "Santa Klaus," and she could not frame two words of English to accompany the gift.

The gift itself was a little model sleigh, delicately carved. It now rests on the mantelshelf of Mr. Ellis' home in a place of honour—and it is going to stay there.

"Santa" Ellis is proud of his collection of letters. They are saturated with childhood's charm; they breathe of the essence of that sweet innocence and faith that never returns again in life after the kiddies cease to "believe," and "grow up."

"Dear Father Christmas," says one delightful missive, "will you bring me a level-crossing?" A level-crossing!

"Santa" Ellis has told Dad about it, and little Arthur Howard will get it—a toy one—a railway crossing, with gates and signals and all the rest of it.

And this gem:

"Please, Father Christmas, will you send Geoff a top and a blon and a gun and caps and a painting book and some shoes with fur round and an apron and some trains with lines and a pencil box and some cransens?"

Listen to the delightful simplicity of this:

"Please, Peter wants an electric train and an apple and an orange and a money-box and a clock"

A "little mother" from Laindon,

OUR XMAS GIFT A Request

Readers desirous of availing themselves of our great Christmas Gift Offer are particularly requested to send in their applications without delay to avoid the Christmas rush, and thus ease the work of our staff, besides ensuring delivery in good time for Christmas. See page 12.

Dear Father Christmas,
Will you bring
me a level
crossing
Please
Love from
Arthur

Essex—little Faith Sparrow by name—asks sweetly for "a happy baby doll and a set of pastry and a grocery shop."

"You'd have to have a hard heart," said "Santa" Ellis, "not to have thawed by such letters. They are so unselfish. You'd be surprised."

There walked into a big store last Christmas a huge Irishman with a small and obviously refractory child straightway delivering his human burden to Santa Claus.

"He won't be eating his greens, all," he said. "The doctor says he must be having vegetables and devils the one he'll touch."

Father Christmas got to work, little cajoling, a little tempting, a little play of those things dear to the hearts of children, and the lad was conquered.

Laughter and tears

A few days ago the same Irishman and his son returned. It appeared that it was almost impossible to get the boy away from greens—cooked or raw!

Many of the unemployed have found temporary work in the uniform of Santa. There is often a way small behind the long whiskers as they see the money flow. But they carry on. It is Christmas, and children are children.

There is a Father Christmas who lost both legs in the war; there is one who is a boy of twenty-one with five children; there is another who is worth £1,500 a year, who takes on the job as a hobby. He lost his only child years ago.

Yes, there are laughter and tears under the motley of those who carry on this Christmas for the man who never was born.

Colds Chills and Influenza

Every day now brings the risk of Colds, Chills and Influenza. One minute you may be indoors, warm and cosy. The next you're exposed to the damp, chilly air outside. The best safeguard you can have in these trying conditions is **strength**—the strength that Hall's Wine is waiting to give you.

Hall's Wine **cannot** fail to do you good. When you take a few doses of this wonderful tonic every day, you run no risks from winter's greatest danger—INFLUENZA. You carry health with you — You're full of life, strong and splendidly fit.

HALL'S WINE has been the proved Tonic Restorative for 40 years, and contains valuable health-giving properties found in no other tonic wine. It works wonders in Anæmia, Debility, Neuralgia, Exhaustion, Convalescence and all run-down conditions.



Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE



A Kindly Gift for an Ailing Friend.

If you have any friends who are run down or weak after illness, you cannot give them a more acceptable gift than a bottle or two of Hall's Wine. Think of the pleasure it would give you to see the new health, and new joy in life that your gift would bring to them.

LARGE BOTTLE **5/6** Of Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. SMALLER SIZE **3/3**

STEPHEN SMITH & COMPANY LTD., BOW, LONDON. E.8.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.



Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

HOME COMFORTS

CARPETS, Rugs, Linen, Curtains, Tea and Dinner Services, Bookcase, Gallery, Table, Clocks, Radiators, Bedding, Shoes and Blankets, Sewing Machines, Vacuum Cleaners, Kitchen Appliances, and all home requirements. Catalogue Free. Dependable quality and Money-Saving Prices. Everything delivered. Carriage paid for small orders. A free monthly payment plan. 30 years reputation for honest trading. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

FREE TO BOYS

The fine Meccano Book and Hornby Train Book.

Read how to get them on pages 25 and 27.



"What time shall I meet you?"

A DAY'S work finished. But they are still fresh and bright. Ready to enjoy the pictures . . . or dancing . . . or an evening with friends.

They will tell you that the way to feel fresh is to keep your *mouth* refreshed, and the pure cool flavour of Wrigley's Chewing Gum refreshes the mouth as nothing else can. Removes all trace of eating, drinking and smoking. Sweetens the breath.

Wrigley's Chewing Gum—"after every meal"—is recommended by doctors and dentists. It aids digestion . . . cleanses the teeth. A simple rule of health, of mouth hygiene, of efficiency.

In two flavours—P.K., a pure peppermint flavour—and Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour. Only 1d. a packet—but the finest quality money can buy.

British made by British workmen with Empire materials

WRIGLEY'S



1d
PER
PACKET

E.K.14



Barbers use
perfume—
but why put it
in Tobacco?

Not without purpose are "perfumes" and "flavourings" added to the cheaper tobaccos. "Flavouring" tones down the "kick" of harsh, crude leaf; and "perfume" helps to disguise its bitter "tang."

But—there is one cheap Tobacco of natural flavour and aroma... John Sinclair's new RUBICON MIXTURE. It needs neither perfume nor flavouring. Like the expensive Tobaccos its leaf is sound and characterful... good enough for natural manufacture.

If you smoke "scented" plug or "perfumed" flake try natural RUBICON MIXTURE at 8½d. the ounce. Like the others it will save you money. Moreover, it will please and satisfy.



Made by John Sinclair Limited
Newcastle-on-Tyne.



The kitchen of one of the best of the privately-owned dosses in London

SMALL children, tiny kiddies, beery old women, trouble-worn mothers and wives, doddering pensioners, prostitutes, young workers are gathered together every day in the common lodging-houses of British towns.

Come behind the scenes and see them in these doss-houses, as they are called, places where the aged and the down-and-outs can purchase their 350 cubic feet of "home" for round about a "bob" a night.

Here you can see one aspect of the housing shortage—not as committees and commissions see it, on paper; but in its raw reality.

The inhabitants of the one basement living-room of a certain doss are crowded round the glowing coke stove which the owner by law must provide.

The day is raw and miserable, and this happens to be one of the more humane houses that does not turn its inmates out of doors during their waking hours.

A very small baby is whimpering itself to sleep in an orange-box placed near the stove for warmth. A child just below school-age is being petted by the kindly folk of all ages and types.

THE lodgers buy their own food and cook it: hot water and washing facilities are provided up to a certain standard.

Some older inmates make a little extra by cooking for those women lucky enough to be "in work" or to be earning a pittance as "travellers"—that is, as hawkers.

All dosses nowadays are under the supervision of the local authorities.

The London County Council inspector plunges cheerfully into the group; she knows most of them by name and remembers their ailments.

"Well, mother," she goes up to little Mrs. V—, sitting with her child, "any news of those rooms yet?"

"No, Miss," says Mrs. V—.

She explains that landlords don't like children; that her husband—living in a Rowton House—has not enough money for deposit on rent, and that she is expecting another child.

The inspector is kind, and again promises to do what she can, which is little. She notices the child in the box-cradle is well nourished, but sun-starved.

"Fresh air is cheap, you know, mother!" says the inspector, and then herself joins in the general bitter laugh; since outside it is cold and bleak.

Upstairs we go, to see the sleeping accommodation.

One dormitory is much as another: a row of carefully spaced beds, the scrubbed boards, walls painted to keep down the vermin.

Over one bed is a worn photograph of a grave. "That," we are told, "is old Granny Smith's only treasure—her mother's grave!"

A Bob-a- Night DOSS

Mrs. Morgan, kindly "Deputy" of the Flower and Dean Street London, E.C., doss-house 12 women

The inspector rips open a bed here and there. One clean sheet a week per bed is the ration. The bed may have several different occupants, though nearly eight out of every ten are regular lodgers.

Windows must be wide open and rooms cleared after ten o'clock. It is now 11 a.m., and in one bed there is a huddle of blankets. The inspector points an accusing finger.

Abashed, the responsible manageress wakes the sleeping woman with "Good Lor', Nellie, ain't yer up yet!"

No, for Nellie had a thick night the evening before, and she emerges bleared from the tangle of bedclothes and promises to be "down in a tick."

Working under great difficulties, with kindness and tact, the manageresses—or "deputies," as they are called—of common lodging-houses seem to hand their job from mother to daughter.

One kindly soul, a "character" of long standing in a popular East End house, tells her story:

"Queer people come here," she says. "You'd never believe the women of good family, women with titles and what not, who land here and live on what their families will allow them..."

"Drink, maybe, or worse. Soon as the pubs are open, off they go—get used to it and never seem no trouble. Makes you sad, though."

DRINK and worse? The sixpenny-worth of "snow" that makes even the bleary old dodd forget. And they can still get it.

But the deputy goes on remembering:

"I remember a baby who was born here once. The mother, poor soul, came up to my room—said nothing."

"But I thought she looked bad, so I went upstairs to look and found such

a fine baby boy wrapped up in a rag under the bed, just alive.

"We rushed her to the infirmary. She lived a little time. There was a story behind it all—there always is."

Then there is old Mrs. O—, one of those for whom the better type of cheap, clean doss is a godsend.

Here she has her work done for her: a supply of hot water and a good fire and company for her last few years eked out on the pension.

How does she live, paying 1s. 2d. for her rent and heating each night?

The deputy's assistant grins:

"We do what we can to help," she replies. "If we have anything tasty why we all give the old girl a bit. She keeps herself so nice and clean that I don't mind waiting on her either."

A LARGE fat cat sleeps, sleek and content, on the hearth of one of the cheaper dosses in the Royal Borough of Kensington.

"We each gives a penny a week to keep him in meat," one says proudly.

For the old women it may be a solution; but what about the smart girls "in business," who prefer to live thrifty?

There is the doss-house mind, a sort of atrophy of the homemaking instinct that gets them, too, in the hand-to-mouth existence.

Yet, you can see them all in a certain doss in a Jewish quarter, girls of eighteen or so, sleeping and eating with this strange, and not always very savoury, crew.

As winter sets in, you can picture them.

From the crowded, heated kitchen they go up to the beds set side by side, each in its allotted 350 cubic feet of air, in the icy dormitories: children, two to a bed, huddle for warmth.

At ten or so lights go out. Some late comers may come in—women from the streets whose trade keeps them out.

Finally night closes in on them, the dispossessed and the homeless, the victims of circumstance and themselves.

Yet kindly people—often brave people.

DO YOU WANT a cheque for £600 and a Christmas hamper? See page 36.



RAILWAY BOARD'S DECISION

Big Order for new Hornby Trains

Great excitement prevails when Dad decides that his boy's Hornby Railway needs bringing up to date. There are visions of powerful new locomotives, built for heavy loads and long runs; smooth-running Rolling Stock of almost every type seen on the big railways—realistic Accessories that are built in correct proportion—everything a boy could wish for to make his model railway a complete representation of the real thing.

Life never lacks thrills on a Hornby Railway. Dull moments are unknown to the boy who is managing his own line—with Dad filling the important positions of plate-layer, pointsman, signalman and station master all rolled into one!

Ask your boy what he thinks of these fine models of modern engines and rolling stock. He will tell you what every boy knows—that Hornby Trains are the strongest and most efficient model trains in the world.

THE 1930 HORNBY BOOK OF TRAINS

The 1930 edition of this famous book contains full colour illustrations of all Hornby Trains, Rolling Stock and Accessories. Interesting articles on famous locomotives and expresses are also included, together with descriptions of the wonderful high-pressure engines that may haul the trains of the future.

Your boy may obtain a copy from any dealer, price 3d. If he has any difficulty ask him to send 4d. and the names and addresses of three of his chums direct to us for a copy, post free.

PRICES OF HORNBY TRAINS FROM 5/- TO 95/-

HORNBY TRAINS

BRITISH AND GUARANTEED

MECCANO LIMITED DEPT AP OLD SWAN LIVERPOOL

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT WITH A FUTURE!



THE DECCA RALLY

52 1/6

FULL SIZE
FULL VOLUME
FULL TONE

A Decca Rally is a Christmas gift anyone would be proud to give: delighted to receive. It is a full-sized portable gramophone with ample volume and sweet, pure tone. A Decca Rally looks good and sounds even better. It will keep the Christmas spirit high and carry on giving joy and entertainment for many future Christmases. There's no gift you'd rather receive yourself than a Decca Rally... therefore give your friend one of these fine instruments this Christmas.

ABRIDGED SPECIFICATION.

Fully patented metal interior horn. Tangentially curved tone-arm. Metal diaphragm soundbox. English motor. Winding key permanently attached and folding into case. Detachable record album. Obtainable in grey, brown, or black.

Particulars of the Rally Portable, the Salon Decca Portables from £2-19-6—£5-5-0, and the Salon Decca Cabinet Models from £12-12-0—£24-0-0, can be obtained by writing for Illustrated Art Booklets to the address below:

"DECCA" (Dept. 11), 1-3, BRIXTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.9

Children's Coughs and Colds

Head, nasal and chest colds, and Bronchial, quickly relieved by Vapo-Cresolene, inhaled direct to irritated membrane breathing organs. The drugless, simple way to relieve Whooping Cough, Bronchial Asthma and Spasmodic Croup. Disinfects the room and prevents spread of infection.

Sold by all chemists.

Vapo-Cresolene

Remedial Inhalant for croup, whooping cough, etc. See Booklet No. 21. ALLEN & HAMBURY'S, Ltd., Lombard St., London, E.C.3

GOOD BOOTS & SHOES

THE Graves Footwear Department offers you soundest quality and utmost possible value for money. All sizes of Boots and Shoes for all occasions. We thoroughly understand the wants of all classes of wearers, and know how to combine durability with good appearance and comfort. World's lowest prices. Easy monthly payments. Catalogue and Measure Form free. 30 years reputation for honourable trading. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

£150 AND CHRISTMAS PRIZES WON!

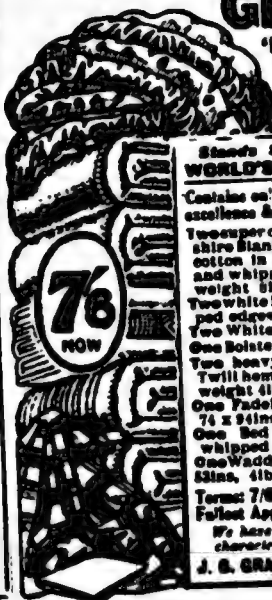
Result of "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 91.

Correct solutions were received from the following ten competitors, who share the £600 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the contest, a cheque for £60 will be despatched:—
R. Allerson, 9, Dale St., Wakeborough, Durham.
Miss A. Bolton, 6, Hawes Terr., Burnley, Lancs.
R. Entwistle, 100, Turton Rd., Bradshaw, Mr. Bolton.
Mrs. E. T. Jones, 29, Linden Terr., Gainsboro' Rd.
H. K. Johnson, 10, Railway Ave., Whitstable.
J. J. Moorhouse, 38, Elgin Drive, Liscard, Chas.
J. S. Parkinson, 28, D. Chworth St., Shaw, Ottham.
J. S. Smith, 21, E. Stace St., Great Lever, Bolton.
F. E. Spalding, 18, Priests St., Norwich, Norfolk.
G. S. Scliff, Bridge House, Alderminster, Stratford-on-Avon.

Solutions containing one error only were received from 58 competitors, who divide the Second Prize of £50, each receiving 17s. 6d., and each has been notified. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices.

In addition to the above cash awards, each of the 10 winners who share £500 and each of the 58 winners who share £50, will receive shortly before Christmas an extra double award of a Christmas Turkey and Christmas Cake.

Another £650 cash and big "John Bull" Hampers awaiting your skill this week. See page 30.



GRAVES 'ENTERPRISE' BARGAIN SALE

Stands Supreme as the WORLD'S FINEST VALUE

Contains only goods of warranted excellence & unquestionable merit. Two super quality All Wool York-shire Blankets. Met a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders and whipped edges, 68 x 88ins, weight 11lb 10oz. Two white Flannel Blankets whipped edges, 68 x 88ins, 44lbs pp. Two White Pillow Cases, 20x30in. One Bolster Case to match 20x30. Two heavy unbleached Bolton Twill hemmed Sheets, 70x90in, weight 4lb 10oz. One Fadedless Albion Quilt, 74 x 94ins, weight 3lb 10oz. One Bed Rug, check design, whipped edges, 60 x 80in. One Wadded Quilt 66 x 82ins, 4lb 10oz. Price £4.10.0

Form 7/6 with Order 7/6 month's Fullest Approval. Cash extra Free. We have behind us a 30 years character for honest trading.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

KIDNEY TROUBLE!

Mrs. MORRIS, 37, Laurel Drive, Carlinghow, Bailey.

Writes:— "I was suffering from Kidney trouble. I tried several bottles of Vitadatio, which did wonders for me and set me on my feet. I think it is wonderful and can highly recommend it to anyone suffering from that trouble."

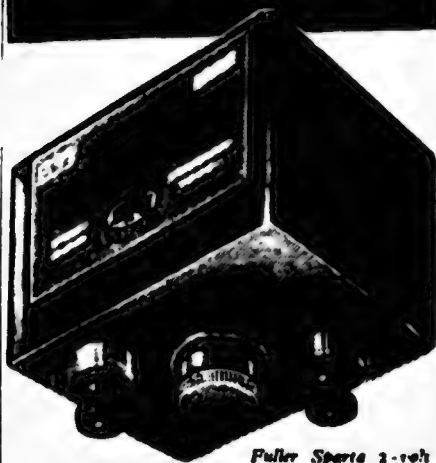
If you are a sufferer get a bottle to-day.

Vitadatio

Available for Pined Trenches, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Tanners, Timothy White, and most Chemists and Druggists, 3/- and 6/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for export only, post free from VITADATIO, No. 121, Arley, Leeds. V121.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

THE FULLER NON-SPILL FOR PORTABLES



Fuller Sparta 2-volt
"Non-spill" Accumulator.
Type JAP 11.
Price 13/6. Capacity 22
amp. hours. Overall size
4 1/2" x 3 1/2" x 3 1/2". Other
sizes 11/6 upwards

Just as the Fuller Sparta Dry H.T. Battery has revolutionised the conception of what a portable can do, by giving it power up to 20 milliamps, so this Fuller Sparta "Non-Spill" comes to the rescue on the wet battery side of the outfit. It has a high capacity, combined with long effective life and the utmost reliability. Filled with Jelly Electrolyte, it can be used in any position. Note especially the plates, which are micro-porous pasted: a feature exclusive to Fuller's. Micro-porous paste is much finer in composition than ordinary paste, but infinitely stronger. It does not "crumble" or break down in use. The separators are indestructible, and the battery has large non-spill vents.

FULLER 'SPARTA' SUPER BATTERIES

Obtainable through Fuller Service
Agents or any reputable dealer

Write for a full explanatory folder
to Dept. J.B. at address below

FULLER ACCUMULATOR CO.
(1936) LTD., CHADWELL HEATH
ESSEX



"The soldiers
of the Red
Lamp go..."

Heroes OF THE FLAMES

When Father Isn't Even A Lodger

PEACE has its heroes and its heroines. Seven miners are killed in British pits every two days. Three thousand mothers die in childbirth every year. Since 1930 began sixty-three Royal Air Force members—mostly boy officers—have crashed to death.

And that touches merely the fringe of the everyday sacrifice of the common round, for which no medal is struck, no banner unfurled, no monument carved.

Nor is that sacrifice merely a sacrifice of life and limb. More than anything else it is a sacrifice of time, of hope, of prospects; of health, sleep, home-life and those decent, intimate things that every man should be able to call his own.

Under the uniform—

Thousands of British firemen, for instance, are chained to a duty which has glamour without glory. Ingratitude is reflected in every inch of their shining brass.

They would be better off, many of them, if they were hired to kill men than, as they are, hired to kill the demon fire.

Under that noble uniform of blue and brass and red that thrills you all are the garments of a man poorly rewarded for his work. Under the massive, crested helmet is a mind harbouring discontent.

What does Britain know of the lives of these soldiers of the Red Lamp, of how they live, of how they work, of how they are paid?

All that the man in the street knows is that the fire-alarm, the telephone, the station bell, will bring them post-haste to the front line; that they will risk life and limb to beat the flaming foe.

In London alone they guard 2,235 million pounds worth of insured property. They make over 22,000 "safety first" inspections in a year.

In the course of the last year recorded—1928—they answered 8,549 calls, of which 2,714 were false.

Bravery—and pay

Some 298 of London's fire-fighters were injured in the course of these operations, many of them seriously, and they rescued twenty-three people in dire peril, in addition to scores of others who undoubtedly owe to them, if not their lives, at least their limbs.

And what are they paid for all this? A station officer with about ten men in his charge gets £5 a week, while an ordinary fireman must be satisfied with 70s., rising by 2s. a year.

Seventy bob a week, and a piece of falling masonry at the next fire might have "his name on it."

Contrasted with any other and less dangerous and arduous walk of life

that is bad enough. But contrasted with the £8 a week with which a New York fireman is rewarded it is ironic—and pathetic, too.

Allied to the fact that £15,000,000 worth of property and 1,500 lives are destroyed each year it is monstrous that men invested with the responsibility of cutting down this horror should be so scantily compensated.

But the London firemen, all said and done, are handsomely treated as compared with many of their brethren in the provinces.

They have in London, for instance, a fairly decent two-shift system—from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., and from 6 p.m. to 9 a.m.

In many of the stations in the country they work non-stop. They cannot even call their sleep their own. The station is their prison. Many of them are tied down there, except when they leave on fire calls, for as long as 168 hours at a stretch.

Stranger-husbands

There are married men with homes away from the station who are almost strangers to their own wives. They must work seven days before they receive a day's leave on the eighth.

There is one veteran fireman in a provincial town who contends that he has only seen his wife for eighteen months in eighteen years, apart from annual holidays.

"When they remember," he says just a little bitterly, "the children sometimes come down to the station to see me. But a father who only turns up at home once a week is a case of 'out of sight out of mind.'"

Who's Coming?

Who's coming to your party this Christmas? Aunt Agatha, stiff and rather acid; Uncle Peter, large and jolly and fat; dyspeptic Uncle John; little Joan, peevish after numps?

Yet you can make this the merriest Christmas you have ever known by introducing into your home the world's most amusing guests—the funniest artists and the cheeriest, earliest story-tellers.

They'll entertain you royally from the "JOHN BULL Christmas Holiday Annual"—sixty-eight pages for sixpence.



into the flames

Nerves are shattered and health impaired by non-stop duty. There may be three calls in a single night and the next day and the next night may be broken into after that.

They seldom grumble, these fire-fighters, but it is a standing disgrace to Britain that the two-shift system, not universally adopted.

Popping up the road

Moreover, as JOHN BULL has already vigorously indicated, the prospects of promotion are not bright. There are "wheels within wheels."

But biggest almost of all the evils that of "continuous duty." There is scarcely another branch of the service it continues to exist.

"You get the feeling," said a country fireman, "that the station is jail. You pine for a fire to break out and then, when it's over, when you have washed up and changed your clothes and you are dying for sleep, you may have to be up and at it again."

There are, of course, dangers. The stations have their dangers, with billiards and books and cards.

"You can loiter around the station doors and look at the people who are risk popping up the road."

And many do "risk popping up the road." Lucky are those who are not and families are within a mile of the station.

The "blind eye" is turned to mild indiscretions, but what a state of things when a man has to visit his home by stealth, when he has to come down the street covered days out of eight to ten in the morning.

Weak weapons

And for this sacrifice he gets paid little as £2 15s. a week in the country. He is indeed a lucky man if he can make £4. The fireman is certainly nailed to a fiery cross.

But, as if that were not enough in country areas he is frequently armed with inefficient appliances.

He has the chagrin of seeing his lost and thousands of pounds worth of property destroyed all over the country because of lack of proper organisation, equipment, up-to-the-minute water committees and live officers.

Public opinion often blames him for a disaster. The authorities are not even wise after the event. They dilly-dally along, oblivious to life and property, apathetic towards the men whose job it is to fight the flames.

There must be justice for the soldiers of the Red Lamp.



Are
you
expecting
a baby?



SUNSHINE GLAXO

with its added Vitamin D, is making motherhood a far happier, far safer event. Taken by mother, Sunshine Glaxo prevents constipation, indigestion, sleeplessness and morning sickness. Given to Baby, it also prevents constipation and ensures firm flesh, dense bone and good quality teeth up to time.

**FILL IN
THIS
COUPON
NOW**

For a free copy of "Before Baby Comes." If you also wish to have a copy of the Glaxo Baby Book, enclose an extra 6d. in stamps.

To Dept. 46, GLAXO HOUSE,
OSNABURGH ST., LONDON N.W.1.
Please send me free book "BEFORE BABY COMES." I enclose 1/6d. stamp for postage.

Name

Address

I expect baby (state date)

THE GHOST of Yelve

by CAPTAIN
DINGLE



Illustrated by
Tom Peddie

"The plane set up
to the sand and a
woman stepped out."

FOR my sins, I became a beachcomber, and Red Saunders took me off the beach in Andros and made a man of me again. For that I revered him and was faithful to his interests.

When he said we would take the schooner to Cuba for a cargo, I asked no questions.

When I imagined I detected in him a deep and awesome mystery which covered a past tremendously thrilling, I refrained from questioning him when once I saw that glitter in his eyes at my first hint of curiosity.

His name was Kenneth Beauchere; that I saw on the flyleaf of his only book. It was when I started to ask why the change of name, and why the sacredness of that sea-stained, dog-eared book, that the look came into his eyes which warned me for ever to mind my own business.

We had a secure anchorage in one of the bights; our trips were never more than one a month, sometimes one in two months; our business doesn't matter.

It was profitable, and Saunders was the soul of honour in sharing out.

For the trips we took a black crew: between ventures we kept only one old sponger to cook for us and lived alone aboard the *Black Pearl*.

THEN one blazing day near the hurricane season a great plane flew out of the sky and skidded across the lagoon. It was bound our way. Saunders cursed it and all such inventions soulfully.

"Come on!" he growled, and hauled in the sailing dinghy astern. I obeyed, as always. In five minutes we were scudding around the Cay to our little hut, which was kept provisioned.

We hauled up the dinghy, and slapped a screen of brush over it; then thrust through the wild jungle into our retreat.

Saunders focused his powerful glasses upon the plane.

"Son," he suddenly snapped, "there's a woman in that machine. Damn all women, say I!"

It was the first time he had burst forth like that in my presence. I thought I was getting scent of his story.

Cautiously the plane nosed in towards the Cay shore. They were going to land, that was certain.

Abruptly Red shut his binoculars with a strangled oath, leaped from his cover, and plunged off through the bushes.

I resumed my scrutiny of the plane; then I got a shock.

As the plane nosed up to the sand, and a woman stepped out, our dinghy shot out from the beach where we had housed it, and sped under sail across the bight to the distant shore of the main island. Red's fiery hair glinted in the sun like a helmet of copper.

I saw the woman walking along the shore towards our landing. Whatever Red had seen through his glasses, here was I left to face the music.

Because I had no real reason for avoiding people, I stepped out to make a virtue of necessity—and my breath was all but taken as the woman confronted me.

Here was a woman to set a sailor's pulses drumming. Slim, boyish in her flying gear, she was yet a most complete woman in figure.

Her eyes were the colour of our lagoon in the sunlight; her hair held glints of gold among the tawny brown.

"You're not Captain Saunders, are you?" she greeted me, and while I stammered my answer she went on:

"I heard in Nassau that I'd probably find him here."

"I called out to an old black man of that pretty schooner and he scowled at me and said Captain Saunders was gone to Cuba."

"But I saw the little boat come ashore, and—there was somebody else with you, wasn't there?"

She glanced around like a bird seeking the boat, and so I too let her know.

"You've been led astray, Miss. There was nobody in the boat you saw but a couple of niggers. I've been here all day. Saunders is in Cuba."

HER eyes met mine and she couldn't stand the steady gaze. Her lip quivered a bit, but she still had a smile for me when she said innocently:

"How funny. I've never before seen a black man with red hair. Is he here? I'd like to see him."

I lied again, but it was a white lie this time.

"That boat you saw, last, passed straight over to the mainland. There it goes now—just making into the creek."

She turned quickly. I believed she was going to run back to the plane. I stopped her with a word, and already felt as curious about her as I had about Red.

"If you're thinking of going over there, Miss, you'd better forget it. No plane can land in that forest—not to get out again. Saunders isn't here."

She laughed shakily. Around the corner of the clearing came her pilot. He looked to be a hard-boiled army flyer.

He passed along the beach and she seemed to be waiting for him.

(Continued on page 30)

"Eager to be up and doing!"

AFTER A NIGHT OF RESTFUL SLEEP



Sound sleep alone ensures day-long energy

"Sound sleep even more vital to health than long sleep" — doctors say

"Put the clock back, do — it can't be time to get up yet?" Apart from late hours — it is a real struggle for many of us to wake up and get out of bed in the morning.

Yet it's not pure laziness that makes it hard to get up! Nearly always it is because we have not had enough deep sleep to banish the last traces of fatigue. So doctors and scientists now agree!

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drinking Horlick's last thing every night. Its warmth penetrates your whole system, giving your digestive organs a little light work to do . . . Soon you feel drowsy — and before long are fast asleep.

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1. Make a good short or puff paste.
2. Take a piece the size of an egg and roll it out.
3. Place 1 dessertspoonful of Robertson's Mincemeat ("Golden Shred" Brand) in the centre.
4. Gather the edges of pastry together on the top; turn over and roll lightly.
5. Prick lightly with a fork.
6. Bake ten minutes in a quick oven.

Robertson's Mincemeat

GOLDEN SHRED BRAND

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SOMEONE must have made her afraid of the dark, and we used to hear sobs, then a long scream, and we knew that her shadowy tiger in the corner was hunting her. So we got a box of Price's Night Lights, and now if she wakes she sees just the end of her cot...the toy cupboard. And she sings herself to sleep again.

Send 3d. in stamps for a sample box of Price's Night Lights, to Price's Patent Candle Co., Ltd., 11, pt. J.U.U., London, S.W.11.

Always keep a box handy

PRICE'S NIGHT LIGHTS

Buy a box to-day



THE GHOST OF YELVE--continued from page 28

on; for as soon as he had vanished she took a funny little run towards the hut door and sat down plop, her pretty face suddenly chalk-white.

She had spotted Red's little dog-eared book—the worn, old, morocco-bound copy of Percy's "Reliques"—and had opened the flyleaf and was pressing it to her lips.

"Oh, he is here! Please, please—" she whispered, and there was I, caught all aback for a putrid liar, with not one word to say for myself.

"That name isn't Saunders, Miss," was all I could break out.

"I know! I hoped it wasn't! I gave him this book!" she cried, and again her big eyes glowed with hope.

"Won't you go and bring him back for me?" she pleaded.

"Sorry, Miss," I said, "but that's more than I dare do!"

Her pretty face went chalky again. There was trouble in those great eyes. For two pins I'd have said I'd go, but then I had a happy thought that saved me.

THE boat was gone—I couldn't swim after him—I told her, and then she jumped up, grabbed my arm, and led me down to the beach where we could see the forest.

"Sit down, and let me tell you something," she said.

I looked around, glad that it was the sort of blazing day which might easily turn into a hellbusting squall or even grow into a hurricane.

I spotted a nice little, blue-black line low down to windward, and muttered something about having to go out to the schooner—weather—anything I could bring to my silly lips to utter. She only laughed.

"You said you can't swim, you know the boat is gone, and I'm afraid you're a poor one at excuses," she said, and laid her fingers persuasively on my bare arm.

I was licked. I sat down, and she went ahead with her yarn.

"Kenneth left England because he thought he'd killed a man," was her mild opening.

I stared. She met my gaze steadily, and still she smiled. But there was that pathetic little quiver at her lips. The way she said Kenneth told me a whole lot, too.

"I live at Yelve Castle, in England," she continued. "Kenneth often stayed there with my brother."

A puff of wind set the casuarinas to murmuring. A harder puff picked up a dry stick and blew it into her lap.

"We had a big house-party one Whitsuntide. A man named Rort was there. He had been at school with my brother and Kenneth. I don't think anybody liked him much. He frightened me."

"I can never forget the way his eyes shone one evening, late, when father had been telling the story of the Yelve ghost. That's our family ghost, you know."

SHE looked up at me, with a smile a bit on the doubtful side.

"There isn't really a ghost, you understand, but the story's part of the castle."

"The White Knight is supposed to have been killed by outlaws as he was on his way to the castle to marry the Lady of Yelve."

"Ever afterwards his ghost comes seeking her on the anniversary of Whitsuntide, which was to have been their wedding-day."

"Between the rooms which used to be hers stands a great wardrobe, let into the party-wall. It opens into both rooms, but is divided by a sliding panelled partition. It was said to be a secret way of escape years ago."

"Now, since grandfather added so much to the living apartments of the castle, those two rooms are not the principal ones. One is mine, the other is a guest-room."

The wind was rising. I could hear that squall coming in the trees. I could no more have interrupted her than fly.

"It isn't a nice story after that," she said. "That night the ghost did



HUGH WALPOLE

draws three puzzling portraits
in next week's Real Life Story,

Stepan Ivanovitch

"Perhaps some readers may
be able to join them," suggests
the author? But will they?

walk! It came through the wardrobe into my room. I woke to see a big, vague, white figure, and I must have screamed. The house was aroused. The ghost vanished.

"But that house-party didn't believe in ghosts. My brother and Kenneth had an idea, and they followed it up. To be brief, they discovered Rort's sheet—it was marked for that guest-room."

"The next night in the billiard-room they confronted Rort. He took it badly, and there was a struggle. Rort got hurt so badly he nearly died."

KENNETH struck the blow, and of course there was a nasty scandal. It was hushed up, though. Everybody knew the truth about Rort coming into my room, and no one was blamed for the result.

"But Kenneth went away without a word to anybody but my brother Larry. And Larry told me recently that Kenneth believed Rort would never have dared to play the ghost trick if I hadn't."

"That was what made him so savage

in handling Rort—you see, Kenneth had meant to ask me to marry that Whitsuntide."

The squall burst. Over the sea saw that plane lift up and crash among the bushes. The girl only smiled sadly and said:

"So you see why I married you, don't you?"

"I see one thing, Miss. I see your plane's gone phut! And you're marooned here until that squall goes inside the hut! Oh, look at that of a flyin' man!"

THE pilot, frantic about his plane, took a run towards the hut, picked up by the wind, and flung on his face in the sand. He was safe there, secured the door.

The girl was huggin' that book like baby. She seemed to take it granted I was going to bring Red to her or take her to him.

That squall was settling in to keep and keep on blowing. I had glared at the schooner; she was stretching her chains all right. She'd hang with her heavy moorings, but the nigger had gone below and slammed the hatch.

The plane had gone clear over Cay into the sea again. She finished. The pilot came crawling the hut. I gave him a drink, and left him alone.

"We can do nothing, Miss, while the gale lasts," I said. "No boat can live in it, even if we had one. All we can do is sit tight."

Storms that spring suddenly ended that way. I didn't think this was going to be a long one. After an hour or so of it the sea was at the door.

PRESENTLY I looked towards the mainland, wondering if we were safe himself. I looked harder. There was a light smudge against that blackness.

It was a boat—it was our dingy. And it was not adrift. It was becalmed—by a madman—nobody could dare. It was coming to us.

The next tide wave all but capsized the hut. The next one broke short the wall. It must be high tide, as turning. That boat came into the surf, struck, rolled over and over and split everything out.

And Red's giant figure rose from the wreck, dragged the boat after him until it grounded, then came stalking through the debris like a god of the storm.

I knew it was not for me he came. I turned away as they met.

And I knew, two hours later, when I went out to the schooner to arouse old Rastus to start preparing the skipper's berth for a lady, that when Red had landed that little lady safe in Nassau, it wouldn't be the end of their voyage together by any means.



Policeman: "Ere. What's all this?"

Sinner Out: "Well, Bill in the box is our Slate Club treasurer, an' the share-out is to-morrow."

There are more good jokes in "The Passing Show."

irritability
easily tired
over-fatigued
coated tongue
spots on face
blotchy skin
no appetite
biliousness



"Late" Elimination

Why do our bodies suffer all these symptoms? The answer is that nowadays our bodies retain the waste matter far too long. X-rays prove that they habitually contain the decomposing residues of 5 to 10 meals at once. In other words elimination, even if regular, is habitually some 48 hours late—behind correct time. So the poisons have every opportunity to spread into the blood, which carries them round the body, to poison every part of it. Now Beecham's Pills make elimination punctual, and so prevent these poisons spreading. Beecham's Pills gently persuade your system into greater activity. Gently they keep it from getting sluggish. Safe to take any time; they contain only vegetable.

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Worth a guinea a box!

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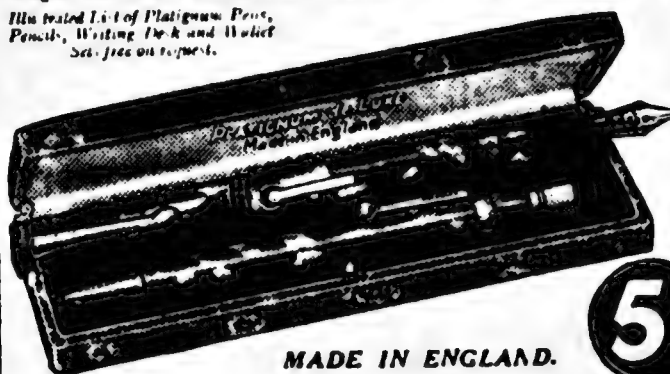
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MADE IN ENGLAND.

26

5/6

Get Rid of Acidity

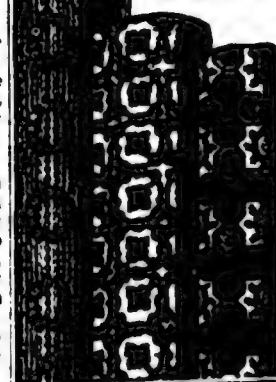
Digestion cannot proceed properly if the stomach is burdened with acidity. A natural and safe means of freeing the stomach from acidity is provided by Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, made by Savory & Moore from a formula of the famous Dr. Jenner.

These lozenges are quite different from the ordinary ant-acid preparations, and contain neither bismuth nor magnesia. They owe their value to their remarkable power to absorb acidity. To sufferers from Heartburn, Flatulence, Dizziness, Palpitation (especially at night) and all the ills that arise from acidity, they are of the greatest possible benefit. They are quite harmless, having no effect whatever on the stomach itself or the digestive ferments.

A feature of the lozenges, which is attested by all who use them, is the immediate relief given, even in chronic cases. Their action is so beneficial that in a short time ordinary acidity can be taken without fear of indigestion.

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Every housewife knows how true is the above saying. No matter how hard she may work, there is always something more to do. When the breadwinner has finished his work, the housewife begins afresh. No wonder that many women break down under the continued strain! No wonder their backs ache and their nerves are unstrung! No wonder they get depressed and irritable, suffer from headaches and always feel out of sorts!

But all women are not like that. What is the difference? A woman with plenty of healthy red blood in her veins does not suffer in this way. She finds housework easy; she is bright and cheerful and asks for no pity; her vitality is above par. She points the way to health for the others. Make new blood; you can easily do so by taking Dr. Williams' pink pills. These pills have the wonderful property of creating new blood, which tones up the nerves and reinvigorates the whole system.

Your improved appetite and digestion will promptly show the good effects of Dr. Williams' pink pills. Your fatigue and your backaches, your headaches and depression will vanish.

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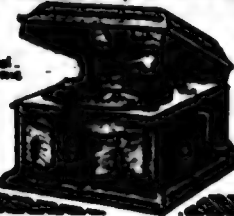


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A TRAGEDY QUEEN

Under the Mistletoe

A GIRL of nineteen, living at home, I have an older brother and sister and another brother aged ten. None of these makes a companion for me, and in more than one way they regard me as "odd-man-out."

When a year or two ago we moved into a new semi-detached house, and found the next occupied by a very young married couple, my position improved.

Our neighbour went out every afternoon at four to night work, which left his wife lonely and at a loose end. She and I struck up a friendship, which soon became very close indeed.

Instead of moaning about the home, unwanted by my family when I came from work, I would go to my friend's house and set off with her.

We became constant visitors at kinemas, dining together later at some nice café, and having a good time generally.

The only flaw was that I always spent twice as much money as I could afford, because my friend's husband has a good post and keeps her well supplied.

I knew my mother was suspicious, but until last Christmas I parried her questions successfully. It was on Boxing Day that real trouble was brewed.

My friend's husband gave a party to which I was invited. I was the youngest there, and some said the prettiest, so perhaps that and the fuss the men made of me caused me to lose my head a little.

I accepted cigarettes, and though I had never tasted intoxicants, I drank some wine, which affected me queerly.

The mistletoe was only part of the general jollity, and I feel it was just sheer bad luck that made my mother burst into the room at the very moment when I was scraping with some fellows under the bough.

Mother's fury knew no bounds. In front of all the company, she dragged me away, and said that if I chose to be low and common I must, but that so long as they remained under her roof, her daughters should be kept respectable.

My life since has been just hell. My mother keeps saying that she always wondered where I was getting my money to gad about with, but now she knows only too well.

The implication is so terribly cruel and untrue that it is breaking my heart, yet what can I do to disprove it?

"HUMANIST" says: Tell your mother all about it, and make due submission to her. You have been a little stupid and wrong-headed. Maybe your own people are only waiting for a kindly gesture to make much of you.

Remember—your family comes first. Don't be a tragedy queen.

SHADOW OF MURDER

over an innocent man

SECOND engineer on a cargo boat plying between this country and the Far East, on one of my shore leaves I fell deeply in love with a girl in my home town.

No formal engagement took place, but her attitude encouraged me to believe that whenever I was ready to purchase the ring she wouldn't object.

I was away seven months, and on my return sad news awaited me. I had been cut out by a rival on the same line of steamships, and though my sweetheart was not married, she was an expectant mother.

Black rage filled my heart, and I vowed if I ever ran across the fellow I would wreak revenge on him.

The opportunity came sooner than I hoped. I met him in Shanghai a

few months later, his boat being in port at the same time as mine.

The man was staggering drunk, but he knew me, and we set upon each other to fight it out. The attack ended with him receiving the biggest drubbing he ever had in his life. I left him winded, leaning against a wall, and thought no more about him for a long time.

On next reaching home, I told my sweetheart what had happened and offered to marry her and treat the coming child as mine.

She replied coldly that she had no wish to marry, that she had recent news that the father of the child was dead.

He had been found in the streets of Shanghai knifed in the back and robbed, and she had no doubt whatever that, if all the details were known, it would be found that I was to blame.

The rumour has spread that I have murdered a fellow-countryman in Shanghai, and I am regarded with looks of repulsion and horror.

Even my parents show their horrified thought that I must have done this thing in the heat of the moment, and I don't know what to do.

"HUMANIST" says: The proof of your innocence can easily be provided by stating your case to the local police. They in turn will get the necessary facts from the British authority in Shanghai.

You could charge the gossippers with criminal libel if any of them have committed their allegations to paper.

PRISON'S TAINT

on the unborn

PLEASE give me your advice in the following hard case. I am close friends with a neighbour, we are two married women, living side by side, and I admire my friend as well as love her.

But, when a girl of eighteen, she yielded to a sudden impulse, and stole some money from the people with whom she was in service, and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

On release, she found it hard to get a fresh start, but at length a lady offered to take the risk.

My friend justified the trust, and was a respected servant and beloved friend in the household which she never left until her wedding-day.

Before this happy event, she told the young tradesman who courted her all about her fall.

They have two bonny children, a boy going to school and a baby of one year.

But recently their peace was shattered when the little lad came home from school and asked, "Is it really true, mummy, that you are a thief?"

A woman who knew the facts has come to live in our village and is spreading the tale. Her own boy attends the school and is well primed.

He teaches the others to point at my friend's little lad, crying out, "His mother's been in prison! She's just an old thief!"

This is causing my poor friend and her husband anguish.

"HUMANIST" says: Her position is heartbreaking in a village such as yours, but remember that only a minority are small-minded.

Enlist the aid of the clergyman and the schoolmaster. They will soon find other champions for your friend.

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay 2s. 2d., 2s. 1d., and 10s. 6d.

SCORE with Our Expert

Football Forecasts for December 13

FIRST DIVISION.

- (1) CHELSEA v. Sunderland.
- (2) ASTON VILLA v. Leeds.
- (3) Bolton v. PORTSMOUTH.
- (4) Grimsby v. Sheffield U.
- (5) HUDDERSFIELD v. Blackpool.
- (6) LIVERPOOL v. ARSENAL.
- (7) Manchester U. v. DERBY.
- (8) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Blackburn.
- (9) Newcastle v. LEICESTER.
- (10) WEDNESDAY v. Birmingham.
- (11) WEST HAM v. Manchester C.

SECOND DIVISION.

- (1) OLDHAM v. Charlton.
- (2) BRADFORD v. W. B. Albion.
- (3) Burnley v. Everton.
- (4) MILLWALL v. Bradford C.
- (5) FOREST v. Barnsley.
- (6) PRESTON v. Cardiff.
- (7) READING v. Plymouth.
- (8) SOUTHAMPTON v. Bury.
- (9) Stoke v. Port Vale.
- (10) TOTTENHAM v. Bristol City.
- (11) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Cardiff.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern).

- (1) NORTHAMPTON v. Swindon.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern).

- (1) CHESTERFIELD v. Hartlepool.
- (2) BARROW v. WIGAN.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

- (1) MORION v. Queen's Park.
- (2) CELTIC v. Leith.
- (3) COWDENBEATH v. Ayr.
- (4) DUNDEE v. Partick.
- (5) HAMILTON v. Aberdeen.
- (6) HEARIS v. Airdrie.
- (7) HIBERNIANS v. Falkirk.
- (8) KILMARNOCK v. Clyde.
- (9) RANGERS v. East Fife.
- (10) St. Mirren v. Motherwell.

ENGLISH CUP—Round II.

- (1) Doncaster v. NOTTS.
- (2) Gainsborough v. Southport.
- (3) BRENTFORD v. Norwich.
- (4) ACCRINGTON v. Torquay.
- (5) OLLINGHAM v. Accrington Town.

- (6) FULHAM v. Halifax.
- (7) Nelson v. YORK.
- (8) GATESHEAD v. Folkestone.
- (9) Watford v. LUTON.
- (10) CREWE v. Queen's Park Rangers.
- (11) Scarborough v. LINCINN.
- (12) Newark v. O. PALACE.
- (13) Bristol R. v. STOCKPORT.
- (14) WALSHALL v. Newport.
- (15) Wellington v. WREXHAM.
- (16) CARLISLE v. Tunbridge Wells R.
- (17) EXETER v. Coventry.

*Newark and Crystal Palace agreed to play on latter's ground.

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks and next best with one.

This Week's Star



V. Gibbins, West Ham's amateur leader

WINNERS IN CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOMX BULL special selections in code in the Daily Herald and Sporting Life each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with // for home team and A for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I.—5(//), 10(//); Div. II.—7(//), 10(//); Northern Section—1 (//); Scottish League—2(//), 3(//), would indicate Huddersfield, Wednesday, Reading, Tottenham, Chesterfield, Celtic and Cowdenbeath.

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH



Mr. ROBERT LORRAINE, the great actor, writes: "I have found 'Shavex' a great improvement on the old soapy creams, and it is splendid for speed, smoothness and keeping the skin in a good condition. It gives me perfect satisfaction."



Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE the great actor, writes: "Once having used 'Shavex' I could not use anything else. Nothing I have used before has left the skin so delightfully firm and fresh and in such a perfect condition. I shave in a quarter of the time."

"Shavex" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "Shavex" lightly over the beard, and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had, and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "Shavex" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "Shavex" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic and a Skin Preserver.

SHAVEX prevents formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeps away the ravages of time.

Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying SHAVEX and look fresh. After being in

It has taken the proprietors of "SHAVEX" three years to get a perfect blade that no one could compete with. There are very good blades on the market, but to go with "SHAVEX" we wanted a perfect blade. At last after three years we have a "SHAVEX SUPER BLADE" that no blade can compare with.

The "SHAVEX SUPER BLADE" and "SHAVEX" make the most perfect Shaving Combination that ever will be known.

SHAVEX IS SOLD EVERYWHERE AT

Large Tube 1/- Double Quantity in Tube 1/6
or Pot (lasts 4 months)

WONDERFUL REDUCTION SHAVEX SUPER BLADES

Of all Chemists and Stores:—One Blade 3d., instead of 4d. Packet of 5 Blades, 1/3

A SAMPLE TUBE OF SHAVEX AND 3 SHAVEX SUPER BLADES FOR 6d. See Coupon.



sun or wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a SHAVEX shave.

The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. SHAVEX gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of SHAVEX.



JACK: Good heavens, man, aren't you ready yet? We are late already for dinner and may miss the speeches.
REG: It's no use. I can't go without a shave. I have not shaved for two days, my skin is too sore and shaving, soap only makes it worse.

JACK: Good lord, you don't use the old brush and soap method! Send out at once for a tube of Shavex and your skin will feel soothed and you will shave in a couple of minutes. You will feel as fresh as a daisy and your skin will feel like satin, and all the soreness will disappear.

MARVELLOUS OFFER OF SHAVEX SUPER BLADES. THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY!

for Three Shavex Super Blades and a Sample Tube of Shavex, Post Free. Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 6d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Women's Evidence that it CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils—

These are the wholesale prices of some of the materials used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare these prices to Almond Oil, which is 16 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb.

OLIVE OIL costs 7d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL costs 3/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all.

The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.



At the Bazaar. PURCHASER: Is Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap so wonderful for the complexion? I have heard such a lot of people speak about it.

LADY JANE: Do you consider that I have a good complexion?

PURCHASER: I think you have the most beautiful complexion I have ever seen.

LADY JANE: Well, I will tell, and it is not a secret. I always use Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap and have done so for years, and I take a great pleasure in being able to tell all my customers what a wonderful soap Zee-Kol Almond Oil is. It keeps the skin so beautiful and firm and the skin feels exactly like satin, and it has a most exclusive perfume, as you can tell.

PURCHASER: Then I will take a dozen tablets. How much are they?

LADY JANE: They are only 6d. a tablet. They were 1/- and they are now at least 3/6 per tablet as it is mostly made of Almond Oil.

Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing, the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-.

Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. S.14), 40, Blenheim Rd., Upper Holloway, N.19



ECZEMA. "I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."



VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS. "For years I could not walk with Ulcers. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."



ACNE. Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.



ERYTHEMA. This alarming skin condition will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. The effect is marvellous.

SKIN DISEASES Cured in a Night

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Itches, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a patent Medicine.

This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures in record time Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hemorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K. 15), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19. At all chemists; Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.



STEV. Zee-Kol takes all pain away. New skin forms in a few days.



BOILS, ETC. Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.



PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS. "I always had blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."



LEUCODERM. STEV. JONES, ETC. Improved by this ointment rubbed in gently by the day, and for Rheumatism.

BET WITH THE BIG TWO!

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Year Round

RACING

The same Generous Terms
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apply to

NATIONAL HUNT RACING

**NO LIMIT—
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Accumulators.

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Big Events,

**LINCOLNSHIRE,
GRAND NATIONAL,
DERBY.**

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The Highest Possible Odds with
the Greatest Possible Security
offered on the

CHALLENGER (CREDIT) COUPON.

Send for Rules and Lists.

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(Dept. J.B.)

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WAY MEANS
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GREAT XMAS OFFER
LADIES' SMART
WINTER COATS

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A SMART LADY'S
MORROCCERIDE
HANDBAG
FREE
WITH EVERY
COAT.



We wish you could see this
coat without reading the
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it is the smartest coat ever
offered at the price. Extra
heavy West Face (7-1/2) coat.
Guaranteed not to spot in the
rain. Smartly fashioned
front and back panels, no
diagonal. Rigorously
stuffed. Fully lined with
extra large Mohair or Beaver
Country Cloth, and extra deep
sleeves. For extra. Well
made and made in
our own workrooms. Cut in
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a perfect model. Do not
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for a coat. You will be
delighted. In shades of Navy,
Black, Light and Dark
Brown, Almond Green and
Wine. Price 60 s. O.R. 6
N.O.R., 40 and 50 in. 5/-
extra. Give us your best
measure, length and colour
required, and send 5/-
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Our Letter Parliament

I AM one of the slaves of the machine.
Imprisoned all day in the heavy
atmosphere of the workshop, how I
envy the lot of those working in
and breathing God's fresh air.

Comparing my pale face with the
ruddy, healthy cheeks of the sons of the
soil, I wonder why the youth of the
countryside flock to the factories.

But hope ever springs eternal, and
with the application of modern methods
to farming, one day may find me—still
the slave of the machine—but also help-
ing to master the land.—*Hopeful,*
Tondu.

Perfume

Oh! the joy of it—back to the land
which my forefathers have worked for
generations.

The very smell of the earth in early
morning or after a storm is pure delight.

The digging, with a robin singing
close by; the planting and watching for
each successive crop; the freedom, the
breathing-space—in this is real happi-
ness.

To live on the land is to love it and
understand its moods.—*Amy Allen,*
Camden.

Done with the Dole

To have and to hold a smallholding
has long been my ambition.

To throw away the numbered brass
check, to be deaf to the blast of the
colliery-whistle, and to be done for ever
with doles, strikes and charity has been
my great desire.

I know it would mean long hours and
hard work, but it would also mean pure
air, wholesome food, and manly inde-
pendence.

It would be a joy to work hard on
land of my own, supplying clean British
food to my fellow-citizens in place of
the doubtful foreign stuff that many
consume now.—*Ex-Miner, Dean Forest.*

Yearning

My father was a farmer, so was my
grandfather; so were all my ancestors
for generations back.

Fired with the thought of money-
making, I sold our old farm and came
to London. That was thirty years ago.

Race with "Silver Ring"**STOP the Americans!**

MOST racing men will agree
that the new Grand
National conditions will
make for a better race; but
the minimum weight might
have been increased still more, for there
is no justification in penalising the
"Easter Heroes" year after year by ask-
ing them to concede two stone.

You could bring a racehorse and a
cabhorse together by attaching a garden
roller to the thoroughbred, but, in a
race like the "National," is it fair? At
one time the race was not a handicap.

In spite of the new condition that
competitors must have been placed in
a three-mile 'chase or over (selling races
excepted), when the entries come along
in a few weeks I do not anticipate a
greatly reduced number.

A 'chaser commences at four years of
age, and the majority of the Aintree
entries are eight years or upwards, or
proved six and seven year olds.

There are not many horses in either
category who have not, at one time or
another, run into a place in a long-
distance 'chase.

While the Stewards were re-framing
the conditions they might have inserted
a clause to the effect that the sale of
a horse between date of entry and date
of running would render the entry void.

**BACK
TO THE
LAND
FOR
ME?**

ORIGINAL letters upon this subject
below, not exceeding 100 words,
are invited. 10s. will be paid for each
letter published. Envelopes, marked
"Letter Parliament," must reach us
by first post on Tuesday, December 16.

What I Want this New Year

Now, here I am, condemned to the
weary monotony of city-life, and yearn-
ing the while for a little farm in the
country.—*Fergus J. Macmillan, London.*

Sad, but True

Farming to-day has far advanced from
that of generations ago. Experimental
stations have opened, plant breeders and
pathologists are at work.

Diseases of plants and animals are
diagnosed and treated as never before.
Perfectly-balanced rations are prepared
and fed to all classes of stock.

No occupation calls for keener obser-
vation, is more interesting, and, to our
sorrow be it said, less profitable than
the land to-day.—*H. C., Leeds.*

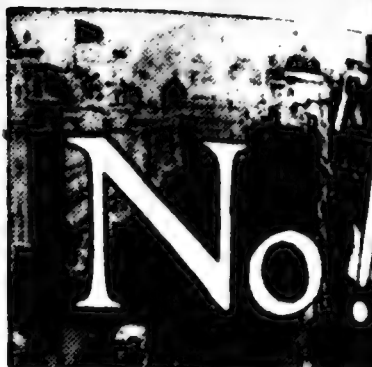
Farmyard Chatter

It sounds too good to be true. Good-
bye to the stuffy engine-house, with its
eternal smell of oil.

Welcome to the lowing of the cattle
and the chatter of other farmyard
friends; new milk, new-laid eggs and
pure country air; the smell of newly-
turned earth and freshly-cut hay; the
song of the birds, and the welcoming
hospitality of country folk.

And, when the day's work is over, the
fireside chair, rest well earned by duty
well done.—*A. W. H., Worcester.*

With garden produce, a pig or two, a
small poultry farm, a nanny-goat, an
occasional rabbit, and an odd job now
and again, I should be as happy as a
king.—*Taffy.*



BORN in a village forty years ago
remember my years between
the ages of seven
twenty-five as a period
mean employers; starvation was
dark, damp, insanitary dwellings, sit-
ting sties and stables; rickety
broken boots; second-hand clothes
muck; mud; misery; sneezes and
Church charity.

I now live in a town where
workers are not slaves, the employ-
ers are human, and sanitary inspectors
not intimidated by unscrupulous
district councillors and large
owners.—*Edward Sharman, L.D.*

With a Lantern

My comfortable "baby" car
along the country roads. On a
hand, bare, leafless hedges and
dripping with December mist
—Beyond, mud-covered fields, with
flowing ditches; occasionally a
dejected-looking cattle.

A farm is passed. The yard is
veritable morass; the buildings dis-
dated and draughty; a labourer wades
through the mud to the cowshed, car-
rying a primitive lantern.

More dreary fields, and then the
coming lights of the town, the
streets, my cosy home, and the kind
and club.

Back to the land? Ugh! Not for
me.—*H. R. Humphrey, Sussex.*

Bondage

I have endured some twenty years
all-round farm work, rising at 5.30
and lucky to finish at 6.30 p.m., in-
cluding tethering cattle on Sundays, all
the princely sum of 35s.

My present job in a factory is
light work, with protected interests.
Moreover, I am free to enjoy my
ends and Bank Holidays, a thing
known during my twenty years' bond-
age.—*Ex-Cowman, Eccleston.*

No Plums

I worked for ten years on my
nursery garden. You are out in
kinds of weather, from early morn-
until it is dark.

You are compelled to give up
pleasures that most people enjoy.
Work and slave to bring your crops
to fruition.

Then, when your tomatoes and plu-
ms and lettuces are ready, and you think
that you are going to reap a just reward
for your labour and worry, you find the
market is flooded with foreign produce
offered at uneconomic prices.

Your year's work is wasted.
—*Whitton, Essex.*

Nothing Doing

Apart from really loving my town,
offers so much more than the country
ever could.

I mean theatres, "talkies," big stores,
sports, museums, libraries, better edu-
cation for my children, a modern house
with labour-saving appliances.

Living on the land, I'd miss the
and a hundred other advantages.

Bad sanitation, village narrowness
and general stagnation would replace
all I hold at present.—*J. F. Liverpool.*

Of all the soul-destroying monotonous
means of earning a living agriculture
holds the record.—*Corin, Durham.*

Give me a fixed wage in a town, and
an allotment as a side-line.—*M. J. Brighton.*

Let three acres and a cow decor-
ate politicians' perorations, but give me
a cosy villa and a little garden with
the ambit of a populous centre.—*A. H. Gerson, North.*

Through working in fields in all
of weather I got muscular rheumatism.
Now I'm turned adrift, with no
no pension, at the age of sixty-two.
—*C. Heywood, Worcs.*

ATNGQKSOZR

CVEIUMWYXP

BDFHJL

78 76 75 74 73

In place of the letters or figures ad-
vertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily*
Herald read those above or below, as
the case may be. Example:

KCOOMGEI would read MAY KING.

Where a double letter occurs in the
name of a horse the figure 2 is sub-
stituted. Example:

TSQPIN2 would read BURGER.

"SILVER RING."

Rheumatism

INSTANT RELIEF THIS WAY

Why suffer rheumatic aches and pains in joints and muscles? Sloan's kills the pain instantly. You simply lay a little on—no rubbing, no waiting. It penetrates instantly. Soothes and comforts the afflicted nerves and tissues. The pain disappears! Thousands find quick relief from Rheumatic Aches and Pains in Sloan's Liniment. Get a bottle to-day—see how quickly and surely it kills pain.

Use Sloan's for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Backache, Sprains, Bruises, and for all Muscular Pains.

"Having suffered from Rheumatism for ten years, I have tried several remedies, but find Sloan's is the only thing which gives me relief. I always keep a bottle by me."—Mrs. Baker, 35, Portway, West Ham, London.

Sloan's KILLS LINIMENT PAIN

At all Chemists and Stores, 2/- and 4/-



HERE is the greatest Gramophone Offer ever made. We give you the choice of two magnificent instruments—a high-class Portable Model, or a magnificent Table Grand Model, each with 12 HALF-CROWN RECORDS (24 Selections)

With 12 Half-Crown Records.

GRAVES GRAMOPHONES

THE GRAVES PORTABLE MODEL covered with waterproof leather cloth. Powerful and perfect for the home; convenient for carrying anywhere. Magnificent Sound Box. Receptacle in lid for Records. Price complete with 12 DOUBLE-SIDED RECORDS £3.10.0

THE GRAVES TABLE MODEL is of handsomely figured and polished Oak. Fitted with powerful Motor with reliable Worm Gear Drive. All components of the highest excellence. Newest improved type of reproducer. Price (with 12 DOUBLE-SIDED RECORDS) £3.10.0

TERMS Our Bargain Price is for Deferred Payments. Send 5/- now, stating clearly whether you desire the Graves Portable Model or the Graves Table Model, and complete purchase in 13 fortnightly payments of 5/- Full Approval. Money refunded if disappointed.

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J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

ASTHMA

Sufferers from Asthma find instant relief in this standard remedy of 60 years standing. 4/6 a tin at all chemists.

Himrod's ASTHMA CURE

No More Disturbed Nights.

Bladder irritation is more troublesome when it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in Shadforth "Bladder Comfort" No. 285. It acts like a charm. It is prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning, cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort with the proved remedy: Shadforth Prescription No. 285. Prices 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300 pills).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from Shadforth Prescription Services, Limited, (Dept. J.B.25) 40, King William St., London Bridge, E.C.4. Boots, Tanners and all chemists stock or obtain.



PROMOTES DIGESTION IN STOMACH & BOWEL

Most persons who suffer from Indigestion do not know the cause, and, in their endeavour to obtain relief:

- (1) They resort to purgatives.
- (2) They take soda mixtures.
- (3) They starve themselves.

Nothing could be more unwise or useless.

WHY PURGATIVES FAIL. Purgatives give temporary relief only to increase the trouble afterwards; they do not digest food, but simply expel it, and the Bowel depends more and more upon artificial assistance.

WHY SODA MIXTURES FAIL. Soda does not digest food, and too often neutralizes—and so destroys—the digestive ferments in the Stomach.

WHY STARVATION IS USELESS. If the digestive organs can no longer perform their natural functions, you will not mend matters by giving those organs nothing to do. What they want is work and nourishment—not idleness.

DIGESTION EXPLAINED

Only one-quarter of the food we eat is digested in the Stomach; the remaining three-quarters is digested in the Bowel.

STOMACH INDIGESTION. When there is not sufficient gastric juice the food is not digested in the Stomach, and so it ferments and forms gases and acids, which cause Heartburn, Neuralgic Headaches, and many other painful symptoms.

BOWEL INDIGESTION. When the Starchy Food is not digested in the Bowel, it produces gases and unnatural acids; the gases cause Flatulence, feeling of fullness and pressure, and worst of all, Constipation. Impurities are formed which pass into the blood and are carried to every part of the system, causing Rheumatism, Lumbago, etc.

CICFA conquers Indigestion because it supplies natural digestive ferments. Further, it tones up and strengthens the glands throughout the entire digestive tract, so that gradually they are able to do their work without assistance.

Take CICFA and you can eat what you like when you like; you will get all the nourishment from your food: health and vitality will be increased, and Indigestion, with Constipation, etc., will completely disappear.

YIELDS TO



Of all Chemists, price 1/3 and 3/-.
FREE SAMPLE

Send your name and address with this coupon, and a 1/- stamp for postage, and receive a liberal supply of this wonderful CICFA. (Only 1 sample given each family).
THE CICFA CO., 8, DUKE ST., MANCHESTER SQ., LONDON, W.1.
"John Bull," 13/12/30.

A NICE FUR

lends charm and distinction to the wearer. Our Fur Department offers lovely Furs at lowest prices on Easy Terms. Only small payment required with order, and monthly payments afterwards if satisfied. Write for Catalogue of all attractive varieties at a Guinea to five Guineas upwards. Full Approval. 20 years character for straightforward trading.
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

A SMART COAT

gives pleasure both to the wearer and her friends. You can dress beautifully without extravagant outlay if you go the right way about it. Garmenting Furs, English Costumes, Coats and Frocks, Corsets, Underwear, Hosiery, Dress Lengths, Footwear and all women's dress requirements. Easy Monthly Payments. Write for Catalogue and Patterns of anything you want. 20 years character for straightforward trading.
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Mullard



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MASTER
VALVE

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Mullard House, Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2.



Forget these
Fetters... take

Jordan's "Gin" Pills, the safe, sure relief for rheumatism, backache, lumbago, sciatica and inflamed stiff joints. Jordan's is a natural remedy. Acts quickly and effectively. Proved of lasting benefit by hundreds of men and women who suffered from Kidney and Uric Acid troubles before they took Jordan's.

FREE OFFER. Send your name and address now for free sample box of Jordan's "Gin" Pills. Write to The Jordan Medicine Co., 39 Osnaburgh Street, London, N.W.1.

**JORDAN'S
GIN PILLS**
FOR MONEY COMPLAINTS

1/3, 3/ & 5/- per box.

STOCKED BY
ALL BRANCHES: TAYLOR'S, PARKES,
HODDERS, TIMOTHY WHITE'S,
HEDGES, VENABLES, LEWIS & BURROWS
AND MOST OTHER CHEMISTS.

WIN JOHN BULL'S BIG X-WORD PRIZE



£50 FOR RUNNERS UP

'XIRA XMAS
X-WORD PRIZES

In addition to the £650 Cash prize, an extra prize of a big "John Bull" Hamper will be awarded to every prize-winner in this week's contest.

WHAT would you do—if you won "John Bull's" big £600 must-be-won cash prize? Wouldn't it be splendid to have all that money to do just whatever you liked? In addition to this big "first" there is an additional £50 for runners up and a big "JOHN BULL" Hamper—stuffed with good things—for every prize-winner. You simply must not delay a moment—enter for this fascinating contest NOW.

"John Bull" will pay £600 for a correct solution on one form of "John Bull's" Crossword No. 94, appearing below.

Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. In addition every cash prize-winner in this contest will also receive an extra award of a "John Bull" Hamper. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), December 18th. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Wednesday, December 24th. Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 1st, 1931.

Read these Rules and Conditions carefully.

1. Fill in puzzle opposite IN ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a three-halfpenny stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 94), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.), so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, December 18th.

Entry MUST be sent by post. 2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Othman Press Ltd., and crossed —/s Co.— and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £600 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 1st. Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £600 prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post Tuesday, January 6th, after which date the prize-money will be despatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only, and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Form and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this Competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Othman Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

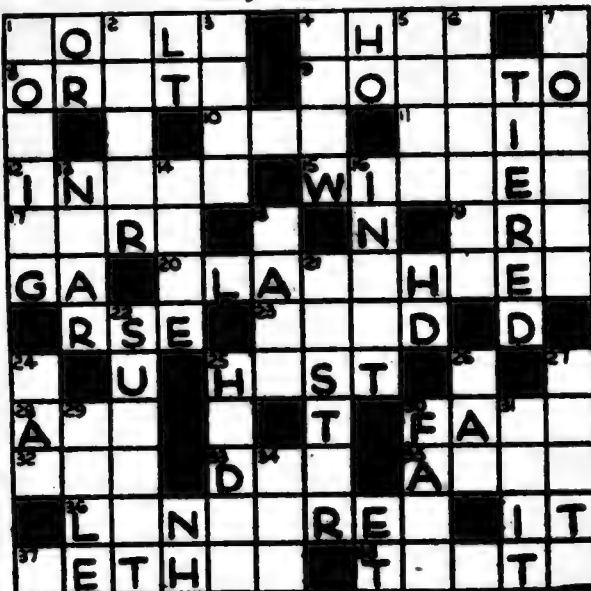
A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom the £600 winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the £50 be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

Closing Date Thursday (Noon), December 18th.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 94

Entry Form "A"



JB 94

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B"



JB 94

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No. Those Entry Forms must not be separated and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

Closing Date Thursday (noon), December 18th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut out the above Form complete.

Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early

Clues Across.

1. GAME DRAKE PLAYS
2. HIT BY A BULLET
3. MAKE A SPEECH
4. RED FRUIT USED IN SAUCE
5. INSPIRES REVERENCE
6. IRELAND
7. INACTIVE
8. WOUNDED IN THE WING
9. ROMAN EMPEROR
10. BEFORE
11. WHOLESALE KILLING
12. LUMP OF EARTH
13. COMMAND
14. LIMB
15. SPURIOUS IMITATION
16. HIGHLY INTOXICATING DRINK
17. FEMALE RABBIT
18. INDIAN COIN
19. REMAINED
20. YOU'LL SEE IT ON A FARM
21. SEEN AT SPORTS MEETING

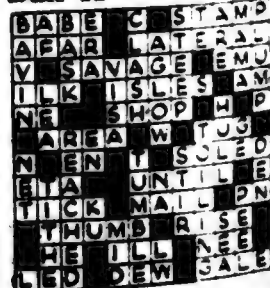
Clues Down.

1. SEEN AT A PRIZE FIGHT
2. ASSISTANTS IN DRESSING CLAMPS
3. HAIR
4. SOMEWHERE TO SIT DOWN
5. BOIL SLOWLY
6. PROPHETIC SIGN
7. FIRED AT ON RIFLE RANGE
8. HIS ABSENCE MAKES HER
9. CLOSE
10. FLORAL EMBLEM OF ENGLAND
11. MASS OF METAL
12. FOUND IN A RIVER
13. LONG, LOOSE OVERCOAT
14. TOP OF A HILL
15. FOUND IN THE PANTRY
16. KEEPS SHEEP FROM STRAYING
17. WHEELED CONVEYANCE
18. SMITH DOES, TO IRON
19. GOVERN
20. LOSS COLOUR
21. WRAVE WITH NEEDLES
22. OVER (POETIC)

Chamber's 20th Century Dictionary and Noddy's Dictionary (both used in compiling this puzzle)

Result of crossword No. 94 appears on page 2.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 92



JB 92

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 92 is given here with as a matter of fact, not our X-word competition. We wish to emphasize that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

WHEN YOU HAVE FINISHED THIS X-WORD, TRY YOUR SKILL IN THE "DAILY HERALD" X-WORD NEXT SATURDAY—£600 MUST BE WON.

Write to JOHN BULL About It!



THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

G. F. (Maldon).—"You can take it from me." Thanks, how much are you sending?

R. W. (Acton).—"MPs should wear appropriate clothes when sitting in the House." Sleeping suits?

L. P. (Drogheda).—"An unemployed man bought a hurdy-gurdy and made £5 a week." He certainly turned it to advantage.

O. P. (Colchester).—"If I could afford it, I would roast a whole ox for the poor." Why not start by giving some poor man a beef-steak?

C. P. (Ripon).—"What is the distinction between a parrot and a parakeet?" The spelling, for one thing.

L. A. (Bromsbury).—"Would you advise me to go on?" Yes, as far from us as possible.

JAMES (Southwold).—"I should never have thought it." Yes, it does need brains to think.

D. J. (Glasgow).—"The average spiritualist medium is no good." Not worth a rap.

T. J. (Perth).—"Has the old organ-grinder completely passed away?" No, he is still beneath our window.

ANGLES (Tamworth).—"He was like a fish out of water." Did he grow as fast as that?

L. T. (Wivenhoe).—"I have tried hard to make a herb bed in my garden." Be patient—it takes thyme.

D. D. (Atherstone).—"Critics say my landscape paintings are too much alike." You will have to change your views.

J. B. (London, W.).—"How's this for an initial effort?" Your initials are great, but the effort is hopeless.

CURATE (Gateshead).—"In some professions it is becoming a habit to stay in bed late." Boxers, for instance, rarely rise before ten.

MOWA (Liverpool).—"We found a purple lady's handbag the other day." With rage over her loss, we suppose?

G. Y. (Clapham).—"I have discovered a substance like rubber, but more durable." Did your wife call it Welsh rare-bit?

M. F. S. (Keighley).—"I'm looking forward to playing my old part of Father Christmas again for the kiddies." So is JOHN BULL—for the grown-ups! Have you seen his load of Christmas cash and gifts on page 39?

DEACONESS (Frinton).—"We have a large women's meeting every Monday at our institute." What have the small women done?

O. G. (Bude).—"I heard a heavy-weight boxer tell a lot of untruths on the music-hall stage." No doubt he was used to lying on the boards.

H. P. (Bungay).—"Why do so many hawkers bring their wares along in perambulators?" Because they like to push their goods.

M. A. (Leeds).—"A wireless lecturer recently described the effects of coming-to after taking gas." So the idea of giving him gas was a waste of time.

T. C. (Carlisle).—"Our coinage should be made more attractive in design." Many people are finding that things cost them quite a pretty penny, as it is.

TOM (Ayr).—"My wife always reminds me of Florence Nightingale." Ours always reminds us of a new hat or something.

DISCOURTES (Tadmorden).—"Our council has not introduced one good measure." You must have too many milk-men on your council.

F. N. (Greenford).—"There are certain parts of the sea where wireless can't be heard." We wish we could find a place like that on land.

T. D. (Ewell).—"I played the piano for nearly three days, but had to stop on account of an affection of the brain." Something like that must have made you start.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

L. M. (Ely).—"Chairs warmed by electricity have been invented." If the idea is extended to theatre stalls, no critic will be able to say that a play left him cold.

THE EDITOR REPLIES

G. P. (Bath).—"I always write as I think." It's a waste of money putting stamps on empty envelopes.

J. T. (Windsor).—"Nowadays women do not take so much interest in boxing." Nor do some boxers we know.

P. T. (Warwick).—"Although I say it myself, I am worth watching." What on earth have you been up to?

MARY ELLEN (Dorset).—"Where could I find a husband?" Try the Isle of Man.

BILLY (Exmoor).—"What is a long-standing complaint?" That of the gallery queue.

I. T. W. (Kent).—"I am only twenty-four, and I have grey hair." The one complaint that makes one dye young.

JOE (Ilford).—"What is a yellow peril?" A banana-skin left on the pavement.

M. G. (Hereford).—"The dancers talked so loudly that I couldn't hear the band." Then what are you complaining about?

ACTOR (London).—"A machine has been invented to record the amount of applause given in a theatre." A sort of clap-trap?

O. P. (Hull).—"Girls in America do not marry so early as those in England." But they make up for lost time by marrying more frequently.

E. V. (Finchley).—"My daughter is so crazy on dancing that she has lost all sense of right and wrong." Many dancers haven't even a sense of right and left.

W. T. (Stoke).—"I bought a motorcycle, but don't know much about the clutch." Then you haven't taken a girl on the pillion yet.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter accepted. Mark envelopes "Slips."

WEST SOMERSET FREE PRESS:—"For sale, 10-roomed House. Also five permanent lodgers, gentlemen (included)."

SCHOOLGIRLS' WEEKLY:—"I'm sorry," she said, biting her underlip.

IRISH NEWS:—"A number of savage attacks have actually organised themselves into a pack."

THE ONE WHO LOOKED ON (Novel):—"I saw the yellow envelope of a telegram in the footman's hand."

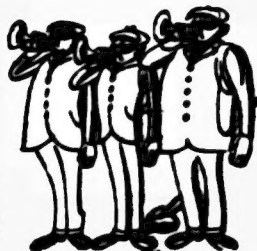
BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO:—"Buy your furniture for cash and save pounds. We have you 100 per cent."

BRISTOL TIMES:—"The 'Last Post' was sounded by BUGLARS."

EVENING WORLD:—"They pulled their chairs to the table, lit a CANDLE and made a MEAL of it."

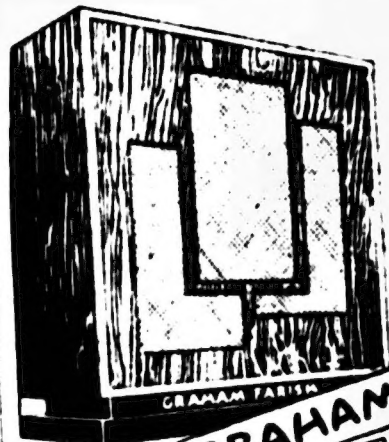
WEEKLY MAIL AND CARDIFF TIMES:—"The steamer foundered in the Bristol News."

SCARBOROUGH MERCURY:—"They were presented with a suitably inscribed silver towel."



When
your
battery
needs
renewal
fit an
Exide
THE LONG LIFE
BATTERY
FOR WIRELESS

LET YOUR
EAR DECIDE



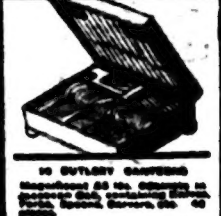
WE make no extravagant claims for the new Graham Farish Speaker. It simply tells the truth without distortion. We only invite your comparison with any other Speaker near the price, or treble the price if you will—we will let your ear decide. You will agree that never before was such value offered at such reasonable cost.

Driven by adjustable 4 pole unit, the Graham Farish Speaker is obtainable from your dealer in three distinctive finishes: mahogany, walnut and oak. Price 42/- From all dealers, or direct from GRAHAM FARISH, Ltd., Rugby, Eng.

An ideal
Xmas gift

Price
42/-

100 To Go VOLUMES
 100 copies of 5 issues of
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OTHER AWARDS:
2ND PRIZE **\$100** 3RD PRIZE **\$50**
1,000 PRIZES OF 25¢
10,000 "TARGET" PRIZES

**PRIZES VALUE OVER
£2,775**

Bullet:—OUR ' REPROACHES—HOUR APPROACHES.

(Continued in last column.)

(Continued in last column.)

The original design for 1966 awarded to the First Prize winner.

I agree to enter this Competition to
 accordance with the rules and con-
 ditions enclosed on this page.
 With a Coupon, and P.O. for it.

Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper

Address Your Entry to:— "Bullets" No. 785, "John Bull," Long Acre
London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

THE GREATEST COUPON SENSATION!

FREE

FOR ONLY

495

COUPONS

To Every Smoker of

Fabian's
Navy Club
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

Nothing to Pay

The Slow Motion Dial makes tuning-in delightfully simple. A child can operate it.

SPECIFICATION

Complete with 3 Valves and Loudspeaker. In beautifully constructed cabinet. Entirely self-contained. Everything including Frame Aerial, is completely built in. No outside wires or trouble—completely portable. Amazing performance. Foreign and British Stations guaranteed with powerful and rich volume.

Do not miss this golden once in a time opportunity

HOW THIS OFFER IS POSSIBLE.

The makers of the Dennis Super 3 Valve Set and the component parts and the makers of the Permos Batteries and Permos Accumulators together with ourselves contribute towards the cost of this expensive offer in order to obtain a world-wide advertisement and distribution for their products and our Navy Club Cigarettes.

ONLY A LIMITED NUMBER OF SETS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED

Highest Quality—Better than before.

Nothing has been sacrificed in the quality or size of Navy Club Cigarettes. On the contrary, following the reduction in the cost of Tobacco, the finest Virginia Tobacco procurable is now being used in Navy Club and consequently the smoker obtains a

10 for 10d. CIGARETTE AT 10 for 6d.

Of all good
Cigarettes
the BEST

—THREE QUALITIES:—

PLAIN Medium Strength	CORK Tipped Mild	IVORY Tipped Very Mild
-----------------------------	------------------------	------------------------------

Finest Blend
you have
ever tried.

Ask your Tobacconist for a Packet of
Fabian's

Navy Club
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES



Branch of the
GENERAL
TOBACCO
CO. LTD.

~~NO CHAIRS~~

FREE

Highly Selective

DENNIS

SUPER

Portable

Plays wherever you take it, not a miniature, nor a toy, but a

3 VALVE SET

Of artistic design and craftsmanship.

The Base Stand is not included, nor is it necessary, but it may be bought, if desired, for 12/6.

BRITISH MADE.

PERFORMANCE

A few of the Stations received with this Set:—London—Reg. Nat.—Midland—Kent—Derby—S. XX—Biffet Tower—Radio Paris—Berlin—Hilversum—Brussels—Budapest—Vienna—Milan—Oslo—Stockholm—Belgrade—Luganburg—Rome—Frankfurt—Luxemburg—Belgrade—Turin—Toulouse—Breslau—Hamburg—Motala—Kalenborg—Karlshagen.

REGISTER NOW AS A COLLECTOR.

In order to assist us in our negotiations with the Makers to have all the sets ready when our friends have collected the necessary coupons we recommend every smoker to register as a Navy Club collector.

FREE COUPON

25 Bonus Coupons (Cash value 3/4)

To: L. & J. FABIAN (Dept. C.B. 34),
74, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

Please send descriptive leaflet of the "Dennis" 3-Valve Super Set and Registration Form with your undertaking to reserve a Set for me if I return the form to you indicating my decision to become a collector of Navy Club coupons. Also send 25 Free Bonus Coupons.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TOWN.....COUNTY.....

TO GET SET AT ONCE BEFORE COLLECTING COUPONS.

If you want your Set at once, before collecting coupons, send a deposit of 5 gu. which will be returned to you when you send the coupons later.

If you are not delighted and charmed beyond expectations, your deposit will be returned if set is returned carriage paid within 3 days.

USE THIS FORM

25 Bonus Coupons (Cash value 3/4)

To: L. & J. FABIAN (Dept. C.B. 34),
74, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

Please send me your 10 gu. Dennis Super 3 Valve Portable Set for which I enclose a deposit of 5 gu. on the understanding that you will return the whole of this sum when I send my coupons later. Also send 25 Free Bonus Coupons.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TOWN.....COUNTY.....

10 for 6d. (1 coupon) 20 for 1s. (2 coupons) 50 for 2s. 6d. (5 coupons) 100 for 5s. (10 coupons)

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